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SIXTEEN hundred Negroes have been lynched in these United States in this twentieth century; thirty-four Negroes have been burned alive since the armistice. Respect for the sovereign rights of our States kept Congress, however, from passing a Federal anti-lynching bill. Twenty-two men were killed in cold blood in the Herrin riots a year ago, and no one has been punished for it. Two of these men were foreigners—Mexicans. Northwestern Arkansas has been ruled by a mob calling itself a citizens' committee which hung one innocent striker, flogged others, and deported still more—and the Governor of the State condones the situation. And now, to prove that we are a civilized nation, understanding the rights and duties of a great state to its nationals, the newspapers report that we may send an army to protect our citizens—in China.

TALK about the breakdown of political government! The New York State Legislature has wound up a session as futile as it was disgraceful. Practically every reform measure was killed; Governor Smith's program went down to defeat merely because of low party politics and partisan jockeying for advantage. Everybody believes that the Republican Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. Machold, has had his eye on the Executive Mansion at Albany. At any rate, the welfare of women and children counted no more than the necessary reorganization of the State government. Only through its defeat of the Clean Books Bill, the most dangerous censorship measure yet produced, and the repeal of the infamous Lusk laws did the Legislature distinguish itself. For these negative virtues it deserves much credit. The repeal of the Mullan-Gage law supplementing the Volstead Act for the enforcement of the prohibition amendment in New York was jammed through by one vote in the closing hours of this ignoble session. Governor Smith will, we trust, veto it. The duty of the Empire State is not to weaken the Federal government's efforts to enforce the statute, but to do everything in its power to uphold the amendment to the Constitution as long as it is a part of our organic law.

THE campaign for the outlawry of war is making most gratifying progress, in marked contrast to the rough waters the proposed World Court is meeting with. Judge Florence Allen, first woman member of a State Supreme Court, delivered an eloquent speech in its behalf at the Iowa convention of the League of Women Voters, and there are even rumors, which we hope are not true, that she proposes to resign her high judicial office to campaign for what if it comes to pass will be perhaps the most momentous step taken to rid the world of war. Quite startling is the accession of Elihu Root to the ranks of those who are ready to put war beyond the pale. At first we were not quite sure whether this would be a help or an injury, but his standing with the legal profession is such that this stand of his will undoubtedly challenge the attention of the profession as few other utterances could. Even the New York *World* has had a change of heart. Having at first pooh-poohed Senator Borah's plan it is now ready to treat it very seriously. It is not ready to indorse it, but it brings out this striking fact in connection with it:

> If such a declaration could ever be got from the nations of the world—and, of course, the difficulty is to get it when nations understand what it implies—the legal and moral advantages of the military party in all countries would be destroyed. Today they are strictly orthodox under the law of nations. The peacemakers are the heretics. Senator Borah's plan would completely reverse this position. Under it the law would be on the side of the pacifist, and with it all the moral, patriotic, and emotional support that comes from being on the side which is upholding the law.

AMERICAN consumers used 165,000 more tons of sugar in 1918, when restriction was on, than in 1917, when there was no attempt at rationing, according to a Washington statistician. His explanation is that the advertisement of shortage led to a mass hoarding which more than compensated for the saving of the conscientious. The Harding Administration is now recommending a sugar boycott as a remedy for the rising price of sugar in 1923. We predict that it will be as ineffective as the restrictions of 1918; we are even ready to venture that it will be as ineffective as one of Mr. Daugherty's injunctions. It is plain that the Administration is not so much seeking to reduce

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the price of sugar as to do something to stop public criticism of its do-nothingness. As good tariff Republicans Mr. Harding's official family cannot permit use of the one simple and effective remedy—a reduction of the tariff, power to effect which lies in Mr. Harding's hands. As for boycotts and injunctions as a means of price regulation we think that Mr. Harding would do well to heed the sage advice which Art Young put into Mr. Hughes's mouth. To the President's query, "What would you do, Charlie, if you didn't know what to do?", it will be recalled, Mr. Hughes replied, "Do as I do. Don't do it."

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER had a divided jury in Michigan; Charles E. Ruthenberg, on trial for the same offense, was adjudged guilty. Foster was not a member of the Communist Party and Ruthenberg was; but the sweeping terms of the Michigan Criminal Syndicalism Act made no distinction on that account. Anyone who so much as "voluntarily assembles with any society, group, or assemblage of persons formed to teach or advocate the doctrines of criminal syndicalism" is punishable under that statute—and Foster, by his own admission, voluntarily assembled with the Communists. The extraordinarily frank statements of the men accused make these trials of unusual significance. There is no charge by the prosecution of any overt act; nor any denial by the defense of the fact of their assemblage. It is a straight case of freedom of speech and freedom of assembly. Just two questions are involved: Does the Communist Party advocate "criminal syndicalism"? and Are criminal syndicalism acts, condemning "crimes of opinion," compatible with the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? The latter question is for the Supreme Court to decide. On the former one jury disagreed, and the other answered yes. Juries are not beyond atmosphere. We suspect that the hullabaloo about the execution of Butchkavich, more than the facts in the case, was responsible for the latter verdict.

THE Florida Senate has weighed the loss of money involved in giving up her barbarous system of leasing out convict labor against the risk of a falling off of indignant tourist patronage, and has decided to retain the lash that whips as much as fifteen hours of labor a day out of the prisoners and occasionally kills one or two of them. To be sure they drew lurid pictures of probable dangers to white women in rural districts if whipping were abolished, and defended their action in florid Southern oratory: "If whipping is ended, the rule of the shotgun must follow; I will not stand for any condition that imperils the sanctity of the home." "This strapping business has been here ever since the world began, and if you abolish it you have got our whole convict system shot to pieces." "If you can't punish prisoners you might as well stop convicting them. The next thing will be a law to provide them with fried chicken at every meal and feather beds to sleep on." So Florida has retained the lash which Japan and Argentina repudiated as a barbarity over a half-century ago, and it is a toss-up whether the indictment of the whipping boss will ever result in conviction.

FLORIDA is not alone in her offense. Charges just as sickening have been brought against the penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma, for brutalities practiced upon prisoners, many of whom are leased to the Reliance Shirt Factory. Affidavits from eighteen men and women report cruel beatings, "stringing up" by the wrists for as many as fourteen days, bread and water diet for twenty-seven days, half the usual food for 135 days, and solitary confinement for ten months. It is charged that a pregnant woman convict was shackled and strapped in a cramped position for several days so that she lost her baby and became insane. An investigation is under way of the death, following a terrible beating, of twenty-one-year-old Clyde Lagrow, which was reported as a suicide by the warden. Governor Walton has promised that he will leave no stone unturned in his attempt to humanize the penitentiary and punish those responsible for the alleged brutalities. These conditions are an indictment of American civilization. To their honor, citizens of Daytona and Oldsmar, Florida, have held indignation meetings demanding that their legislature act vigorously. But the Governor of Oklahoma and the Florida citizens need support and should have it.

ALTHOUGH the Supreme Court has put a stop, temporarily at least, to legislation for a compulsory minimum wage, education to that end may—and ought to—go forward. There are many lawyers of the highest professional standing who disagree with the interpretation of the Supreme Court. A brief setting forth their attitude would help toward the future establishment of the minimum wage. Likewise with the economic questions involved. If it is possible—as we hope it may be—to organize a group or groups to undertake this, there should by all means be a fair representation of women cooperating in the work. One of the ironic aspects of the Supreme Court's decision is the fact that this case, of such vital import to women, was decided by a tribunal in which no member of that sex sat as a judge. Some day that anomalous situation will be altered.

WE had always supposed that all reasonable men—even Federal judges—could distinguish with a sufficient degree of certainty between fair weather and foul, sunshine and rain, hot weather and cold. From that rash position, albeit with regret, we must recede. It has been judicially determined that the human mind, on the bench or in the jury box, cannot be trusted with the burden of deciding such difficult problems. A statute of the State of Missouri which punishes a railroad for maintaining a repair shop which does not fully protect its employees "from exposure to cold, rain, sleet, snow, and all inclement weather" has been held unconstitutional for lack of clear definition of the offense. "The words 'rain and snow,'" says the learned judge, "are hardly definite enough in a criminal statute." "Heat and cold," he finds, are equally difficult to identify. And as for "inclement weather"—"what," he inquires with fine scorn, "is meant by 'inclement weather'"? Well, of course, we don't know what kind of weather they have been having out in Missouri this spring. Perhaps they are developing another one of those sunkist spots where nature smiles for three hundred and sixty-five days each year and where the ability to recognize rain and snow atrophies from want of use. That may be the explanation of Judge Faris's difficulty. Or is it just possible that there is a simpler explanation—we hesitate to suggest it—that the worthy judge doesn't know enough to go in the house when it rains?

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WHAT'S this amazing thing we hear? Why, that American-flag ships are filled up for the coming season while the big British and French steamers are about 30 per cent behind last year in their first-cabin bookings. That fills us with pride; it indicates that our traveling public is taking the advice of publications like *The Nation* and patronizing our own American vessels. But what has happened to those prophets of evil in and out of office who insisted that if prohibition were enforced upon American ships on the high seas we might as well haul down the flag and lay up our passenger craft alongside the thousand cargo boats now out of service? Is it possible that there are Americans who decline the opportunity to kill seasickness by intoxication, who are willing to wait eight or nine days before drinking their fill on foreign shores? Perish the thought; there must be some other reason for it. But the fact is somehow there—and we have to leave it to wiser heads than ours to explain why it is that the driest ships on the wettest ocean were the most popular, even before the decision of the Supreme Court that American ships might sell liquor on the high seas but not bring it into port.

FLYING is perhaps the most glorious occupation in which a person can engage nowadays, but it promises to become so safe presently as to lose its lure. Fortunately some older callings, that of steeplejack, for instance, continue to be as hazardous and therefore as magnificent as ever. A nineteen-year-old steeplejack, Elmer Goss, had his sixth fall the other day. In four of them his companion was killed and in the other two was badly injured. Goss himself has come through unhurt, and after his fifty-foot drop the other day (when he landed on his feet) he remarked in a bored way: "This is getting to be an old story." Later he philosophized: "Oh, I suppose I'll be killed some day, but I hate to give up the work as long as I make $50 a day." Goss is a better steeplejack than philosopher. The fact is that regardless of the $50 a day he will stick to steeplejacking as long as it offers him a chance to break his neck splendidly.

TO select twelve living persons, whether men or women, as the leaders of their sex in this country is a difficult task, indeed. The National League of Women Voters has, however, done extremely well in the choice that it has made for the twelve women to rank as our greatest. Naturally *The Nation* rejoices that Jane Addams, like Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest, and it is happy that recognition has been given such scientists as Annie Jump Cannon, Anna Botsford Comstock, Florence Rena Sabin and Martha Van Rensselaer. No one will dispute Mrs. Wharton's preeminence as a writer or begrudge to Cecilia Beaux the painter, Carrie Chapman Catt the politician, M. Carey Thomas the educator, Minnie Maddern Fiske the actress, and Louise Homer, beautiful singer and mother of singers, their preeminence in their respective fields. Some changes might be suggested, but the list seems to us, on the whole, as comprehensive and satisfactory as is possible. It is particularly gratifying to record the recognition bestowed upon Julia Lathrop, whose modesty in all her undertakings has been as if calculated to hide her personality from all public applause and appraisement. Florence Kelley's lesser public reputation is due largely to similar traits. A statistician points out that seven of these women are Easterners and five have been married. We should have liked to add Judge Allen's name to the list, to represent the law, but that would have made the fatal thirteen.

AN extraordinarily interesting letter of the Empress Frederick has found the light of day in Germany. Written to a well-known leader in the woman movement in 1891 or 1892, after the dismissal of Bismarck, the letter reveals not only the remarkable political insight of this much misunderstood and abused Englishwoman, but also the complete estrangement in ideas and sympathies which even then existed between her and her son the Emperor William. Reviewing the anti-English tendencies which grew up in Germany after his accession she says:

> There shot up a number of bad seeds; among other artificially stimulated weeds, a chauvinism which rested upon a hatred of foreign peoples, particularly England; a comical mixture of envy, distrust, fear, and deprecation. In every tone we heard the song of hatred against England! One could not use freedom in Germany! A constitution, parliament, individual independence, self-government, free trade, were all things which had to be, and must be, fought. Yet they were just the things by which England had grown rich and great, and these were the things Germany must not know and not hear!

Naturally this angered her and moved her to these very wise thoughts about her offspring:

> If only his travels would open his eyes, fill out the great holes in his knowledge, soften his prejudices, in which he is so bound —how happy I should be! As it is he only quaffs incense, his self-esteem grows more and more, his insight not at all. . . .

Finally in reviewing his fatal methods of ruling, she added these pregnant words:

> The views and feelings of an autocrat, of a Prussian lieutenant, and a Prussian university student do not fit one to govern a monarchy in the face of modern demands.

Therein lies the story of the fall of the German Empire.

THE ever-menacing problem of infant and maternal mortality in the United States brings with it at least three immediate demands: first and most important, a wide spread of scientific information on birth control; second, education of parents in infant and prenatal care; third, adequate hospital facilities. An appeal for funds issued by the Society of the Lying-in Hospital in New York brings out clearly some of the appalling facts of the situation. The United States is only third from the bottom of a list of sixteen civilized countries in its death-rate from causes connected with childbirth; more women of child-bearing age die from these causes than from any disease except tuberculosis. In sketching the amazing work of the hospitals which have been under its control, the society shows one way out of this disgraceful situation: the work of the maternity hospitals must reach out until it covers every village and every slum in the country. The passage of the Federal Sheppard-Towner bill gives us hope that in the educational field, too, the United States will approach the standards reached by other civilized parts of the world. Only in regard to birth control do we show no signs of a modern, scientific attitude. A heavy infant mortality will be with us as long as we prevent parents from limiting their children to a number which can be decently fed and housed, and as long as any mothers are without adequate surgical and nursing aid when the critical hour comes.

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The French Unmasking

SO the French and Belgians have rejected the German offer out of hand. It is, they say, not even a basis for negotiation. It is defiant in spots, insulting to the Belgians because it contains no specific offer of a non-aggression guaranty to them, and generally obnoxious because at various points it is alleged to breach the Treaty of Versailles which the French as well as the other Allies have punctured as full of holes as if they had turned a machine-gun upon the sacred document itself. It is also unacceptable because it practically proposes a moratorium of four years (the very thing urged a year ago by Mr. J. P. Morgan and the group of international bankers who were preparing to float a three-billion-dollar loan). Finally, the Germans are warned that "the Belgian and French governments cannot take under consideration any German proposition so long as this resistance [in the Ruhr] is kept up," and that there will only be progressive evacuation of the Ruhr as payments are made.

It is a skilful but gravely dangerous reply. For one thing it widens the gulf between the English and the French and Belgians, a fact which has already been recognized by the London press. M. Poincaré, the French Ambassador in London explains, could give the other Allies only twenty-four hours to consider his reply because it was of the essence that the Germans should get their slap in the face overnight. The English are, furthermore, with peculiarly Gallic insolence asked to take part in the discussions again, but only if they accept in advance the correctness of the Franco-Belgian policy of invading the Ruhr—was there ever a British Government similarly humiliated? For another thing this reply further rivets the deadlock, for every neutral and every American observer knows that any German Government which yields to the French in the Ruhr will fall forthwith. One of the French objectives is plainly the fall of the Cuno Cabinet. But, if our advices are correct, any German Government which yields today would be torn to pieces by its fellow-citizens. That may not be the case two or three or six months from now, but it is today, and the French know it. They know further that they are asking the German people to subject themselves to such indignity, humiliation, and abasement as have never been demanded of a free people in modern times. The French reply is once more the clearest proof that they care not at all about reparations nor even "security." They want the enslavement and the degradation of the German people, and if they get what they are after they will set aflame such fires of hatred and justified bitterness in German hearts as will render the position of the French republic insecure just as long as it exists under its present control by the cowardly and avaricious industrialists who are its real government.

Not, of course, that we consider the German offer what it ought to have been. It has all the usual earmarks of German ineptitude in dealing with foreign nations, and it enabled Poincaré to score effectively at one or two points, notably in the matter of Dr. Cuno's inconsistency in saying at one point that the passive resistance in the Ruhr was spontaneous and independent of the Government and at another that it could be stopped if the German offer was accepted. But when the leading newspapers of New York, with one exception, unite in declaring that the German offer was well worth discussing and formed an excellent basis of negotiation, no one can deny that it called for something far different from the treatment it received in Paris and Brussels. For the New York newspapers are not open to the charge of pro-Germanism, and they are certainly usually keen to understand what is and what is not a business proposition. But as the *World* points out, "Poincaré had decided to reject the German offer before it was made. It was, therefore, hardly necessary to read the proposal or to consult the Allies in regard to it." The *World* denounces the French Premier for misrepresentation in declaring that the sum offered by the Germans is too small and that the German offer lacks guaranties. The *World* is right in this, for the German offer was a minimum proposal, and coupled with it was the promise that Germany would pay any sum above $7,500,000,000 which an international commission might agree she could and ought to pay. Poincaré falsifies again when he says that Germany offered no "certitudes" as to the payment because Germany suggested as guaranties not only the continued occupation of the Rhineland, but also "the entire possessions and all the sources of revenue of the Reich, as well as of the German Federal States" in such form as an international loan syndicate and the Reparation Commission might recommend. What could be fairer than that? What else could the Germans propose in the way of security, unless it might be the continued occupation of the Ruhr?

All of which but confirms our statement that the French are not after reparations, nor security, nor the peace of Europe. If there were the slightest sincerity in their alleged desire for any of these things they would sit down and talk this matter over and bargain by day and by night until a conclusion was reached. Their policy is that of a stark-naked militarism; the mailed fist and nothing else. What the French are after today is an economic and militaristic despotism in Europe, and they propose to be the despots. They do not care a whit for the sufferings they are inflicting by this policy upon Switzerland and Holland and Sweden and Norway and other innocent bystanders. They care not at all that their keeping all Europe in turmoil is endangering the safety and stability and the prosperity of every other nation in Europe. As Sir Philip Gibbs says, they "intend to smash Germany, and if we smash Europe in the process so much the worse" for Europe. They are perfectly willing to continue to starve women and children and to earn if need be the title of baby-killers, which a few years ago they bestowed with horror on the Germans. They are going right ahead, conscious that with their enormous army and unmatched air fleet they can impose their will upon England or anybody else. Talk about the German threat of world domination! If it ever existed outside of Allied propaganda, it was small compared to the menace of domination of Europe by France today.

For Americans the humiliating thing about it all is not only that innocent American boys gave their lives to the number of 100,000 to produce this state of affairs, but that in the White House and State Department there is no leadership, moral or political, no one to call a conference to put an end to a situation which everybody must admit, whether he supports the French, the English, or the German position, menaces the foundations of civilization in Europe.

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Joseph Conrad: The Gift of Tongues

MACAULAY remarked, it will be remembered, that no man had ever written a masterpiece except in the language learned at his mother's knee. It is curious that so expert a Latinist as Macaulay did not stop to speculate on the fact that Terence was certainly a Carthaginian by birth and probably a Numidian by race, or to wonder whether the eminent Spaniards who contributed to Roman literature—the Senecas, Martial, Lucan—had been exclusively speakers of Latin from their earliest years. He made his remark, at all events, in connection with the fine old custom of versification in the classical languages. The Latin verses of Marvell and Milton and also, we may safely say, Milton's Italian verses, like Swinburne's extraordinarily limpid and accomplished French ones, remain mere exercises, though exercises not untouched by the genius of their authors.

There were things that Macaulay could not foresee: a new strange movement of migration and interpenetration that the modern world has produced and, consequent upon these, literary phenomena that go far to contradict the maxim which once seemed so sound. Masterpiece is a big, questionable, and sounding word. It is certain that within the past thirty years literature of permanent beauty has been written by men using an adopted, not a native tongue.

These reflections are suggested, among many others, by the visit of Mr. Joseph Conrad to America. He is not the first English novelist of foreign birth. He had a predecessor in at least the Dutchman, Marten Maartens. But the latter, though he wrote correctly and acceptably, had no creative power within the English language. That, however, is precisely what Mr. Conrad has. A few faint Gallicisms—nothing of a Slavic tinge, curiously enough—pursue him in his very latest work. But he is among the major living stylists in English. A story like "Youth," which is perhaps his most perfect work, adds a new magic and a new music to the many mysteries and rhythms of the language. It is entirely his own; it is, linguistically, entirely native. It can be mistaken for no other flower; it grows, despite its strange transplantation, out of a soil that it has made its own.

The thing was known in French literature some years before the advent of Mr. Conrad. Heine long ago wrote French that was both fluent and eloquent. But it was among the symbolist poets that genuine literary creation in an adopted tongue was most brilliantly illustrated. Jean Moréas, the Greek, and the Americans, Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin, all wrote poetry that counts among the permanent possessions of French literature. Beyond the Rhine it was a Frenchman, an émigré of the revolution, Adalbert Chamisso de Boncourt, who was the first foreigner to produce literature in German, and whose example was followed many years later by the vigorous and pungent lyrist and novelist, John Henry Mackay, and by the fanatical and wrong-headed but fiercely eloquent Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

It is, of course, in America that the production of literature in an adopted tongue ought most frequently to be found. And so, indeed, it is. Among the men of an older generation Carl Schurz was, for publicistic purposes, a master of his adopted tongue. Today there is, first and foremost, George Santayana. We may have very varying estimates of his philosophy. There can be but one opinion in regard to the five volumes of "The Life of Reason" regarded as art. In sustained beauty, eloquence, and splendor it is the greatest piece of prose yet produced on American soil. It is also correct. You will search the five volumes in vain for a single un-English locution, a single unnecessary Latinism, a single opportunity of Saxon depth and forthrightness unemployed. All other Americans of foreign birth follow Mr. Santayana at a long distance. But Mr. Hendrik van Loon writes with verve and brilliancy, Mr. Edwin Björkman and Mr. Abraham Cahan with homely and convincing solidity; other and younger men are appearing in the field. In America the maxim of Macaulay will be finally tested. But the examples of Conrad and Santayana suffice for prose. It needs but a single poet of equal stature to prove what many have long believed, that a language and with it an entire national culture can be absorbed after the years of infancy, and that thus the friendliness and flexibility of life can be indefinitely increased.

The Challenge of the Airplane

THE first non-stop air flight across the continent! Were we not dulled and surfeited by new wonders every day, this achievement by Lieutenants John Macready and Oakley J. Kelly, officers of our able and enterprising army flying corps, would have caused business to cease and bells to be rung everywhere. But who stops to do more than exclaim over a headline? No one in New York; every one says "Bully for them," bolts his breakfast, and plunges into the subway to do business as usual. When four men in New York talked across the Atlantic Ocean the other day nobody hung out flags or held meetings. Why carry on about an airplane feat which everyone knew would come some day?

Well, our minds can't help running backwards for a moment. Who were the Americans who first crossed the continent? Why, Lewis and Clarke, of course. They left Pittsburgh for the Pacific August 31, 1803, and they got back—in three months? No, in something over *three years*, and they were among the missing for much of that period. It did thrill America when the pony-express was established, for its hard-riding messengers carried the mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Pacific in eight days. Then came the iron horse and mails were carried as quickly from Boston to San Francisco. And now? Well, already the plan is to have a new pursuit airplane cut the just established record by a flight from New York to San Diego between sunrise and sunset.

But while we give our plaudits unreservedly to those two brilliant fliers, and as Americans take pride in this fresh proof that American initiative and enterprise and daring are still to be had for the asking, their exploit conjures up not only their own virile personalities, but the memory of the ones who made this great human advance possible. For their achievement is built not only upon ceaseless experimenting by others—it has beyond question been purchased by the lives of many men who fell to horrible death in the pursuit of that experience and knowledge which have made the non-stop continental flight possible. From the day that the Wright brothers made their trials in the sand dunes of North Carolina until today the way to success, as

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in so many another branch of human knowledge and ingenuity, has been bought at prices that make one shudder.

Of all the martyrs we naturally think first of Samuel P. Langley. Before us lies the modest record of his experiments thirty years ago upon the Potomac River. Sightseers and cynical reporters were there to laugh and jest. "Another old crank—why, sir, you could find lots of them back in the eighteenth century—like the fools who thought they could make gold out of bricks"—so it ran. Yes, outwardly, apparently, the cynics were right—but then and there the conquest of the air began. Does it matter if a nice old chap, a dry-as-dust professor died of a broken heart because of these newspaper gibes? Well, recognition will yet be his; future historians will know the worth of what Langley did as they know the value of Orville and Wilbur Wright's achievements and sacrifices. The pioneers will not be without honor in their own country.

Of that we have no fear. What troubles us by day and by night is whether we are to honor and to make useful the invention by which we fly the air or whether it is to be nothing else than a scourge, a menace to the humans who for so long sought to imitate the birds. Something of the legal, the international, problem of control of this new and terrible toy of man Mr. Royse sets forth in his second article on another page. Shall it be curse or blessing? We know what Wilbur Wright would have said. We know the gentle Langley would turn in his grave over the fact that what he dreamed and strove for had within it the possibility of the destruction of the race itself. Man must master its power for evil, as our fliers have mastered the continent and prepared the way for regular transatlantic air voyages. There in the field of aerial law and police power, of humanity and the brotherhood of man, is the challenge to American genius today; the airplane's own powers and possibilities need no further revelation.

Wisconsin's Way with the Unemployed

UNEMPLOYMENT is generally regarded from the standpoint which the man in the old story took toward his leaky roof. He could not shingle it in wet weather because of the rain, and he did not do so when the days turned fair because there was no need. A couple of years ago the nation was mightily stirred over unemployment. We held conferences, appointed committees, and loudly proclaimed that somebody or other must "take action." Secretary Hoover's commission made some excellent recommendations, and some wise men came near getting Congress to pass a measure which would make possible the financing and building of public works of a non-pressing character at times when labor is slack and these great public undertakings would not compete for workers against the demands of private industry. We sensed clearly enough that we could not compel employers to continue production against their wishes—more clearly than we have realized that we could not force employees to go on working contrary to their will. Still, although we admitted our helplessness at the time, we were loud in proclaiming that "something must be done" to prevent similar situations in the future.

Well, the wheels of industry are whirring again—at so sprightly a rate that wages are rising and Mr. Gary and others are complaining of a labor shortage. And unemployment? The sun is shining, and the leaky roof can go hang. We have forgotten all about our high resolves to prevent a repetition of the misery of our last unemployment cycle. Everywhere except in Wisconsin. Somebody in that State has produced a bundle of shingles, and the Legislature is considering the highly surprising suggestion to mend the industrial roof in fair weather.

Unemployment insurance is the idea, but the proposal differs considerably from such machinery in Europe. The plan follows closely the procedure that has been evolved in connection with laws for the compulsory insurance of employees by employers in order to guarantee compensation to workers in case of accidents. The scheme has this difference and this advantage: it would penalize the careless employer for too wide a variation in the number of his workers and would put a premium on a scientific adjustment of business that would keep as nearly as possible a uniform personnel at work. The bill before the legislature requires that employers organize a State-wide mutual insurance company, managed by directors of their own selection. The State would not interfere except through the regulative powers that it now exercises over all insurance companies. The employers' company would try to help its members thus:

1. It would study business irregularity and depressions and recommend preventive measures.
2. It would assist each individual member to solve his own problems of unemployment and business instability.
3. It would organize seasonal industries so that workers would lose less time between jobs.
4. It would encourage moderate, gradual expansion and discourage booms that lead to crises and unemployment.

Each employer-member would have a definite incentive to reduce unemployment because his premium fees would vary according to his record. The employers who laid off most workers would pay the highest rates. All employers come within the scope of the bill except government bodies, farmers, and those employing fewer than six persons. Non-manual employees with a compensation of more than $1,500 a year are excluded from the count. Seasonal industries would pay in proportion to the length of their season.

So far as the worker goes, the bill provides that beginning with the fourth day of involuntary unemployment he shall receive from the insurance fund $1 a day, if over the permit age, and fifty cents, if of the permit age. In order to qualify for payments the worker must have worked six months for one or more employers and must show that he is unable to obtain suitable employment. He is not required to work where there is a strike or lock-out, or for wages below those generally prevailing in the industry in question. He is not to receive more than one week's compensation for every four weeks he has worked for employers in the State and not more than thirteen weeks' insurance in one calendar year. Compensation is not paid in case of voluntarily quitting work, in case of discharge for misconduct, or in case of a strike or lockout.

This plan would not solve the problem of unemployment in periods of intense, prolonged depression, but it would set employers to work scientifically to stabilize industry and so largely reduce the evil. This is as it should be.

The unemployment bill in Wisconsin is an administration measure. It is to be hoped that it will pass at the present session of the legislature, thus giving the nation a chance to watch a hopeful experiment in combatting one of the most wasteful and tragic aspects of modern industry.

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These United States—XXIX*

COLORADO: Two Generations

By EASLEY S. JONES

THE snap of the whip over the six-horse stage where it bowled between red cliffs, laughter of bar-rooms louder than the ring of poker chips, the volley of dynamite opening the gold wealth of the hills: these voices of the frontier are gone, and in their place have come the purr of taxis, the chatter of tourists, the rattle of tea cups in the summer hotels. In fifty years the rip-roaring life of gold, adventure, cowboys, pistols, ran to its climax and subsided; the mines, yielding their richest ores, were abandoned on a thousand hills, the forests were hewn down, the prairies fenced with barbed wire. The restless, kindly, spendthrift pioneer has given place to a still genial, but a calculating, penny-saving race; Colorado has become a taker-in of summer boarders, another Switzerland, flaunting the sign Rooms for Rent under the shadow of every mountain.

While it lasted no State had ever a more spectacular youth. The sense of conquest, the marching of caravans into unexplored forests, the exhilaration of active life in the clear mountain air, the prospect of wealth to be made overnight, the springing-up of mushroom settlements gave a zest that has not since been rivaled, and the glitter of firearms served to keep nerves tingling. Liquor was strong; a lusty music animated the dance halls; it was a commonplace to shoot the clock and pay the fiddler with a pinch of gold dust. The world was not only young, but on the eve of fortune. Beggars might be lords before another sunset. In the rudest camp of pine-board saloons, canvas hotels, and sod houses every penniless rogue assumed the manner of a millionaire, spoke a language of gross exaggeration, and indulged in flamboyant humor, even at his own expense. The names the early adventurers gave their mines reflect the expansive spirit of the day, mouth-filling or defiant names: Golconda, Mantinomah, Onandaga, Brazilian, Ace of Diamonds, Newsboy King, Invincible, Silver Serpent, Revenge. For a score of years, shifting its center from camp to camp with each new rumor or discovery, the turbulent life of the frontier reeled upon its headlong course. It seemed impossible to believe that the enthusiasm roused by gold could ever have an end. But it did.

As the mines failed or became worked out the names of the lodes gave evidence of the change: Last Chance, Hard Times, Grubstake, Esperanza, Hungry Dog, Up Grade, Blue Monday. The decline of the price of silver in 1893 was a heavy blow. And in another twenty years the increase in the cost of living, which is to say, the decrease in the value of gold, reduced the metal industry to one-fourth its activity in palmy days. Newspapers periodically announce that "Mining in Colorado is about to enter upon an era of great prosperity"; but no one is deceived. Shaft-houses and mills now sprawl upon the steep slopes, picturesque in semi-ruin, with sunken roofs, sheet-iron swaying to the winds, logs up-ended and overgrown with clematis, ore-dumps covered with berry bushes where scamper fugitive chipmunks. The great camps, Cripple Creek, Leadville, Blackhawk, Silverton, Ouray, Creede, have become ordinary languid villages, piled about with red and yellow worthless heaps of mineral, waiting for a revival that never comes. In the two decades following 1900 the annual production of gold, silver, zinc, lead, copper declined from fifty to twenty million dollars, and the value of agricultural products rose from seventeen to 181 millions. The irrigated areas produced grain, alfalfa, and sugar beets; "dry farming" on the high lands above the ditches, at first timid, experimental, attained unexpected success. Smelters were established in Denver, steel works in Pueblo, sugar factories in the prairie towns; the mountain torrents were harnessed for electric power. The era of high spirits passed; the devil-may-care swagger had served its turn; the hair-trigger guns so long worn and used in the open day were put on the shelf. The influx of new migration gave the population more and more the character of the States eastward along the fortieth parallel: Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois. The Wild West was overrun by the tame Middle West, tempered with its practical wisdom and forethought, its shrewdness, its concern for proprieties and amenities.

Another destiny overtook Colorado when tourists began to flock to the State in armies outnumbering those which followed the discovery of gold. In 1922, against a native population of one million, the tourists numbered three-quarters of a million, and the wealth left by them was something like forty-five million dollars. Since the war the number of visitors has doubled every two years. If the increase should continue at the same rate, in 1925 the tourist army will be larger than was the American military force in France, an army to be housed, fed, entertained, and sent away satisfied. Every year in June the deluge begins. From Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas they come, from the central States sweltering in heat; on trains, in automobiles; school teachers, clerks weary of the counter, business men sick of ledgers, and not the ultra-rich, but the middle class grown prosperous since the war. They come with endless questions, and not a few misconceptions. They expect to discover Indians, cowboys, prairie schooners; they find instead electric interurban trains, and Chautauqua lectures by Dr. Steiner and Lorado Taft. They are sure that Pike's Peak is the highest summit in the State, and are surprised to discover at least two dozen peaks higher. They whirl through Estes Park in taxis, taste the mineral water at Manitou with a wry face, and buy gorgeous post cards of "Sunset behind the Spanish Peaks." They write eloquent letters home, how they scaled Sierra Blanca (on horseback), how they slid down snowbanks in August. The men wade in cold streams with rod and line, where the trout are long since grown wise or scared to death. The women throw aside their georgette waists for flannel shirts, and appear transformed, but still charming, in khaki trousers and shoes full of little bright nails. The children ride burros, throw stones until their small arms ache, or shout madly where down both sides of the street race irrigation ditches full of shining water. The tourists go frankly in for pleasure; they uproot wild flowers; they prefer movies to books; they are indolent enough to want to climb hills by automo-

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bile; yet for all this they have a certain eager sparkle of curiosity; the mountains have not ceased to be for them a splendid novelty.

The ironical fate is that of the natives, sons of the free, strong race that Mark Twain wrote about—and Bret Harte and Eugene Field and Walt Whitman and Horace Greeley—tied to the treadmill of shop and boarding-house, fated to become the keepers of a nation's playground. For in comparison with Bret Harte's men, breakers of the wilderness, founders of cities, the present generation appears to shrink in stature. One perceives a change even in the names of mountains, streams, and towns. These the pioneers created from the first material at hand, careless, homely names: Wildhorse Creek, Dead Man Gulch, Lost Lake, Quartz Hill, Riflesight Notch, Rattlesnake Butte, Three Cottonwoods, Rabbit Ear Peaks. The later generation of small business men, the race that had read Tennyson and Harold Bell Wright, sought purring, soothing, or bookish names, like Idylwilde, Brookvale, Ferndale, Glenwood, Rosemont, Montrose; or some bit of cleverness to scrawl upon a cabin door, like Seldom Inn or the Jazz Whisper. Many of the pioneer names they made over. They turned Skunk Canyon into Bluebell, Red Bull Draw into Antelope Glen. A prize was offered for a name for an upland park, and the best that came forth was Panorama. The greatest modern triumph was Mount Sanitas, triumph because people could really be persuaded to repeat the word, and the mountain thus libeled is standing yet. One has only to let the mind sweep along in time, from the earliest Spanish names that blazoned the snowy peaks with memorials of Christ and the saints: Sangre de Christo, San Miguel, San Juan; from the Indian names of as stern dignity as that of the hills themselves: Navaho, Arickaree, Oglala; from the pioneer names which, lacking dignity, had still the smack of an outdoor energetic life: Powderhorn, Dripping Rock, Lone Pine; to the culmination in Ingleside, Sanitas, to get an impression of a late generation feeble in invention, yawning beside the fire, jaded by comforts the frontier never knew, reading the ten best sellers, tired and tiresome. The pioneer, if we are to believe a hundred legends, was a prince in hospitality, and scorned to take a penny. His sons show an increasing desire to take all they can get. Such comparisons lead one to believe, not that the race has degenerated, but that it has at least passed from an adventurous, generous, impulsive life to a shrewdly reasoned, narrow one. The mind of the frontiersman occupied itself with uncounted herds of cattle ranging over ten square miles of pasture, with the need for bridging a roaring forest stream, his only domestic care being to provide the four staples—whiskey, coffee, bacon, bread. The modern mind is occupied with minute complexities and hesitancies: whether the salad shall have caper sauce or only mayonnaise, whether to play bridge whist or see Salome in the movies, and (this particularly) what the neighbors think about it all. In the face of natural beauty that towers half up the sky, it is still possible for human nature to be servile. In streets pleasant with flowering hollyhocks under the beetling mountains gossips meet and snigger, repeat contemptible trivialities, virulent pin-pricks of rumor, concealed weapon of enslaved minds. Blue through the orchard-tops, eagle-haunted summits shimmer in the slant of sun, or darken with forests and the purple shadows of clouds, home of mystery and adventure, a challenge to the imagination forever. In front of a barbershop a man buries his head in the Denver *Post*, the most ill-mannered and vindictive yellow newspaper that money can buy. The tragedy of Colorado is that her race cannot measure up to the scene which it inherits. The stage is set for heroic action, or a theme of beauty, but the actors are raising the room rent or winding the phonograph. The race is dwarfed by the epic mountain theater where its life is cast.

Or do we deceive ourselves in making sharp the contrast between two generations—one romantic, dare-devil, open-hearted, the other humdrum, nicely moral, calculating? Is the difference only subjective, our mistaken feeling that the race has changed? Or is it part subjective and part actual? Was the pioneer truly a "prince of hospitality"? Was he not, as much as any now, a conniving rascal, except that we have chosen to forget the petty element and remember only the glorious feature of his rascality? Was his era a true youth of the race, or only the rawness (often mistaken for youth) of an old race greedy for gold? Was his largeness of spirit born only of speculation, waste, wealth easily got? Do boardinghouse-keepers lack strong will, generous impulse, the free, large mind we attribute to the earlier day? If we push the inquiry only a little, we find qualities of the pioneer which are active at the present time. Even the wildness of the frontier reappears in curious ways. For let the news fly of tungsten or oil shales discovered, or free lands opened in remote corners of the State, and the old fever returns, the phenomena of the frontier repeat themselves on a smaller scale; the same frenzy is astir as when George Jackson discovered gold in Idaho Springs. Exactly as in 1859 one may hear men say: "Here's where we make a strike. Let's drop all, take bag and baggage, and go." The outdoor tradition, too, maintains itself in the midst of an indoor age. Camping, anywhere, is a natural impulse; but in Colorado it is a mania, a compelling influence in the blood, perpetuating in men the ways of their fathers who tramped the granite peaks and slept under the blazing stars. The expansiveness of the gold-mining era, its frankness, its democracy, its humor are met today in unlikely places, even in the summer hotels. The Western landlord does not bow the knee before the tourist; he baits him, or meets him as an equal. The mountaineer does not covertly smile when the Eastern schoolmistress asks questions: he laughs aloud. "What is that feather you have in your hat?" "That, madam, is a woodchuck feather." "A woodchuck? Why, I didn't know woodchucks had feathers." "Ah, yes, madam, *at certain seasons*. In winter their plumage is pure white; in spring, green; in autumn, red and brown. This feather, as you can plainly see, was picked in the autumn." Thus the tourist is received, not as a lord to be fawned upon, but as a lineal descendant of the greenhorn, the tenderfoot of the earlier day.

These and other sturdy qualities of the frontier remain. Actually there has been a gain in comfort, manners, intellect. It is not reasonable to compliment one generation at the expense of another. Both share certain virtues. Both have in common many faults. The raw, wealth-greedy pioneer could not mine ores less rich than forty dollars a ton; more than half his gold he wasted in the process of extraction. He slaughtered part of the forests and set fire to the rest. He impoverished the soil. He could only exploit nature, rob her, and he sometimes robbed his fellowmen. His record is a continuous story of colossal waste. And the son of the raw pioneer is still an exploiter, except

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that he has no bonanza or forest, easily accessible, rich, to waste. It takes hard work and thought to exploit ten-dollar ore, without labor wars. He therefore sinks into small business, establishes a factory in which the employees are always threatening to strike, or exploits the most available resource, the tourist. The generation that shall merit compliment, at the expense of both pioneer and present age, is one that shall conserve and build—that shall learn to extract the gold from ten-dollar poor ore, or even five-dollar ore (without labor wars into the bargain), that shall make forests grow, one foot of clear timber for every foot cut down, that shall return chemical values to the soil and conserve the moisture of the arid lands, that shall conserve childhood and manhood, that shall establish tolerable factories, and make the conditions of industry human.

Colorado as an industrial battlefield has furnished the nation at intervals during thirty years with spectacles of violence amounting almost to civil war. The most bitter conflict was the coal strike of 1914, directed against the Rockefeller interests, marked by brutality on the part of both operators and miners. The culmination was Ludlow, a settlement of wretched tents and hovels on the bare prairie where more than twenty miners and women and children lost their lives. Ludlow is the contribution of Colorado to the list of scenes of industrial terror, the black list that includes Homestead, and Herrin, and grows longer year by year. One feels the tragedy of such warfare less keenly when any permanent good results, and the lessons of the strike of 1914 were not lost. The operators undertook to improve the conditions of living at the camps, and succeeded beyond anyone's expectation. More important still, the public conscience was, at last, profoundly stirred. The most amazing feature of economic struggles is the haste with which public opinion jumps to a conclusion on the first false rumor, and the reluctant slowness with which it arrives, when the facts are sifted, at a just decision. The question public opinion immediately asked concerning Ludlow was, who fired the first shot? Popular judgment was based largely on this question; yet it was a cheap and superficial inquiry. The underlying issue was not who fired the first shot, or even who accumulated guns and bullets. The issue was, what grievances and tyrannies had accumulated, over a period of years, that could make men want to break the law.

Other ugly social phenomena occur in Colorado, as elsewhere, and the wonder is not so much that they occur as that they are so little regarded or remedied. Abuses of political power pass usually without much protest. Mineral and timber lands, sources of water power, are unscrupulously gobbled up; the beet-sugar corporations haggle to escape taxes. Freedom of speech is so far from being realized that a labor organizer, scheduled to give in Denver the same speech he had delivered in Eastern cities, was seized by police and dumped across the border upon a neighbor State. A millionaire makes a present of a building to some college and nominates himself for the United States Senate. Educational institutions have been a football of politics since the founding of the State in 1876. In those earliest days when institutions were passed out as plums by the legislature, Cañon City, so the story goes, was offered a choice; she might have either the penitentiary or the university. And looking on society as it was then constituted, Cañon City chose the institution which was already a thriving concern, and whose future was not threatened with uncertainty. She elected to take the penitentiary, and the State university fell into the lap of Boulder. The penitentiary has today only one-third as many inmates as the university has students. One may smile, indeed; but it is perhaps too early to laugh. Cañon City's day may come, if the citizen lets public issues drift. For his attitude appears on first observation to be this: Let the politicians be as vicious as they please; business is good, our scenery matchless, the climate perfect. The physical conditions of life are so pleasant that he is deceived into the belief that the world is going well, when so far as the social aspect is concerned it may be going badly, and going fast. From his mountain vantage ship subsidies and tariffs seem small disputes of lowland minds. The hills lull the senses with a false impression of security.

But this view of her citizenship is only half the truth. Colorado adopted the eight-hour day, equal suffrage, prohibition, and had ceased to talk about them before they became national issues. For every name of ill odor, like that of Guggenheim, there is some brilliant name, like that of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, whose juvenile court was one of the first and best of its kind, or that of Miss Emily Griffith, whose Opportunity School in Denver is a model for a new idea in education. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic Party has been able to maintain control of the State, the vote shifting from one to the other according to the issue. Whenever money and privilege become insolent, the people overstep party lines and elect a liberal governor, even an advanced liberal of the type of William E. Sweet. Whenever the political hierarchies of Denver become flagrantly, notoriously corrupt, the district attorney, Philip Van Cise, leads a popular revolt, and sends a score of speculators, confidence men, tourist-fleecers to our large and comfortable penitentiary.

The Western mind still overrides not only trifles, but hardships, the downright slaps of fate. Things which loom large on the horizon in New England, like a misspelled word, or a breach of formal etiquette, or exclusion from a social set, or even losing a job, give short pause in the rush of Western progress. Here where distances are vast, where between bristling mountain ranges the eye sweeps over valleys deep and wide, into which a Delaware or Rhode Island could be dropped and never missed, the frontier habit of thinking in big terms persists in some measure despite the trivial occupations of a modern day; the imagination, surrounded by scenes of beauty, flatters itself with the delusion that human nature is largely good also, and that what is not good can be dismissed with a clutter of other useless things not worth one sober thought.

The climate encourages this large and easy way of taking life. The greatest distinguishing feature of the State is a subtle atmospheric stimulus, hardly capable of description, further than to say that its immediate effect, experienced by everyone, is a feeling of buoyancy. The clear, dry air prolongs one's cheerfullest moods, releases energy. Its extreme effect is even a kind of nervousness. The phlegmatic, plodding human creature often found in Mississippi Valley regions of sticky days and muggy nights hardly exists in the mountain States; the usual temperament of the high altitudes is sanguine, buoyant, excitable. The teamster shouts a greeting to every stranger in the road; in commercial clubs business men extend the hand before they think of introductions; in a few weeks one calls a new-made friend by his first name. In every physical aspect

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the country is one of light and color. Nowhere is one confronted by any moldy symbol of decay. Reaping machines remain in the field for weeks without danger of rust; an unroofed wooden house endures without rot the weather of two decades. The cliff-dwellings stand much as they did centuries before the white man turned his thought toward America, not ruins in any usual sense of the word; the charred sticks on their hearthstones look like embers of fires extinguished yesterday. Even the graveyards assume a cheerful appearance, always small, with glistening sharp corners of new stone, no lichen, no tarnishment of decay, no moldering wall, no biting of the tooth of years.

At the end of September there is a freakish burst of weather, a premature frost, or a flurry of snow on the range. The last of the tourists, fearful, get their reservations, and in Colorado Springs and Loveland the outgoing trunks are piled high as the station roof. Then only does one see the outdoor world at its best. From mid-September to mid-December is an interval for which Indian summer is too pale a word. The mountains, as if to make ridiculous the flight of tourists, assume another mood, and cloak themselves with color. In the first weeks of October the quaking aspens on the higher summits turn, interlacing their yellow and gold fantastically with the dark green of the pines. Every night the frost descends; every morning the margin of color creeps lower until it reaches the plain; the maples glow, the sumac bushes are like flame. Everywhere this glimmer of leaves is seen through a blue veil; a vapor, whether from moisture or smoke of forest fires drifts across every valley. The mountains, cut from their base, appear to float upon the vapory element; ridge behind ridge they lie, each outlined in a deeper shade of blue; the steep remotest peaks lose themselves in clouds, or hang suspended in the sky. Threads of gossamer drift free; the wings of insects glitter; the sounds of railways, of city traffic, of hammers building new homes come back from the cliff in echoes miraculously far off.

In a small college town beneath these mountains young men and women pass in merry groups. "How many students do you have on the hill this term?" "Two thousand seven hundred now." Yet there are scores of men living who remember to have seen herds of elk pasturing on the open prairie where now the university stands. The suburbs reach toward the mountains, and far beyond the last house concrete walks pierce the surveyed field, and streets are ready for travel, as if no one made question of growth. Hammers ring out clear; a new bungalow is going up; the owner stands in the street to watch. "Isn't the air crisp and clean?" he volunteers. And after a moment's talk: "You wouldn't think, to see me now, that I'd ever had weak lungs. Why, before I left Chicago, the doctors told me I had just two months to live. I came out here to die." "Well, did you?" A grin is his first answer. "Not very fast. That was—let me see; I forget—ten long years ago." The hammers rap more lustily; a meadow lark, in sheer defiance of the calendar, trills a downward slur of notes; an irrigation ditch flows by, brimming full. Some children play beside it, building with little stones, the same red stones that tinge the mountain ramparts and give the State its name, building elaborate ground-plans, one after the other, on a scale too ambitious to be finished. Children of a third generation, heedless of the voice of time.

The Next War in the Air

II. The Possibility of International Regulation*

By M. W. ROYSE

AIRCRAFT cannot, like battleships, be limited by tonnage or numbers or characteristics, since it is impossible to distinguish finally between military and commercial aircraft. The delegates to the Washington Conference recognized this fact and agreed with the Conference Committee on Aircraft that "it is not practicable to impose any effective limitations upon the number or characteristics of aircraft." From the political viewpoint no arbitrary allotments of aircraft ratios will ever be acceptable to the various states. Estimates based on standing armies, navies, populations, or territories become absurd and impracticable when actually applied. France or Italy, for instance, will never agree to an air strength apportionment which is only one-third that of Russia or England. And it was this same opposition to arbitrary allotments of strengths which prevented an agreement at the Washington Conference for limitation of submarine tonnage.

As long as the various governments see in aircraft an exceedingly powerful and effective weapon, within reach of the poorest of them, they will hardly tolerate any limitations. No conference will ever be able to determine, satisfactorily for all, the proper air strength for each state. And no conference or body of experts will be able to draw a line between military and commercial aircraft, for as Caproni, the famous Italian constructor, says, "the distinction is chiefly one of paint and insignia." Bombing planes must still possess four essentials: speed, range, altitude, and carrying-capacity. But the same essentials are also vital to commercial planes, with the exception of climbing ability. Junkers, Fokker, and Caproni are confident that their commercial airplanes are capable of very effective bombing, and all men who served in France will testify to the destructive efficiency of the Junkers and Fokker machines. European governments, appreciating the facility with which commercial aircraft can be converted into war machines, have built up huge air reserves, in the form of aerial transportation lines, through their systems of subsidies. All subsidy laws strongly insist upon the feature of "swift convertibility" for all aircraft used in subsidized services. Germany has profited most from the vagueness of the term "military aircraft," having built up—in spite of Allied restrictions—an air reserve second only to that of France.

The Congress of the United States has requested the President to enter into negotiations with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan "with the view of reaching an agreement to limit the construction of all types and sizes of sub-surface and surface craft and aircraft." Through this request Congress aims to patch up a loose end of the Washington Treaties. But limiting auxiliary craft, espe-

* An editorial comment on Mr. Royse's proposal in *The Nation* last week (page 535) pointed out that war itself should be outlawed.

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cially aircraft, may turn out to be vastly more difficult than portioning out battleship tonnage. It is no secret that many experts considered the battleship an obsolete weapon, ready for the scrap-heap. Furthermore, the problem of battleship tonnage concerned at most five Powers. The limitation of aircraft, on the other hand, would directly affect the pettiest of states. Esthonia, San Marino, and Iceland in applying for admission to the League of Nations submitted estimates for their military and naval forces. And by "forces" they meant organizations built up around auxiliary craft. None of these states, nor probably all three combined, could afford a modern super-dreadnought, but each can maintain a tiny program consisting of a submarine or two, a destroyer or two, and half a dozen aircraft.

No state is too small for an air force of its own. Esthonia, when in 1920 it applied for admission to the League, had an air force of thirty-five airplanes; Armenia had five airplanes; and Latvia asked permission to maintain an air force of ten seaplanes. Nearly all South American states maintain small air forces, and in Central America even Costa Rica is building up an air fleet. Each of these states would feel vitally affected by any international regulation of military air forces, and an indication of this may be noted in the imposing list of air regulations laid down by Belgium, Spain, Denmark, Holland, and Mexico. Any attempt to limit aircraft will involve almost every sovereign state in the world.

Even the smallest and poorest nations are squandering their pennies at the airplane counter.

The aircraft problem was considered along with other auxiliary craft at the Paris Peace Conference, only to be left unsettled. In place of cutting down auxiliary armaments the various states were clearing decks for new building programs. The same was true at the Washington Conference. This conference created a great current of discussion as to whether the battleship was obsolete and already superseded by the submarine and aircraft. The bombing trials off the Virginia Capes, in which German battleships one hundred miles out at sea were quickly sunk by American bombers, brought on more disputes. In England Admirals Sir Percy Scott and Sir John Fisher were damning the dreadnought (which was their child by invention) and declaring it an obsolete weapon of a passed naval era—Admiral Fisher throwing out such suggestions as "scrap the lot [battleships] and transfer the navy to the air." Here in America Admirals Sims, Fullam, and Fiske were carrying on the same work of educating the public to the fact that the huge battleship program represented so much wasted money and at the same time was a great source of danger to the country in that these "straw navies" were very imposing in appearance but actually helpless in modern naval warfare.

Aircraft cannot be limited numerically or by any standards of size or kind. Only by limiting the uses of aircraft can any real regulation be attained. In the long run, armament questions decided upon "economy in national budgets" are neither permanent nor at any time really binding. Economic issues are forgotten in the white heat of nationalism, as are purely technical agreements. Battleships were limited at the Washington Conference ostensibly because of the huge cost of maintenance. Certainly there was no great, clearly defined moral issue at stake. But the cost of a fleet matters little to a state whose self-interests, honor, or safety are jeopardized. Nor could a state be expected, if it found itself at war, to abide by such technical restrictions as the Washington battleship agreement.

There is only one lasting restraining force in warfare—imperfect to be sure, and very often ineffective—and that is moral sanction. Up through the centuries of history "fear" has been the great restraining influence on the acts of states—fear of a neighboring state, fear of an alliance of Powers, or fear of an "unfriendly attitude" of neutral states toward gross violations of accepted rules of conduct. The last war disproved nothing. The acts of violation merely indicate the incomplete state of moral sanction. A perfected state of moral sanction is a long way off, but the numerous protests of all the belligerents over alleged violations of international rules of warfare plainly indicate the importance attached to moral sanction. "World condemnation" today wields a powerful influence, and this was never more clearly emphasized than during the first two years of the late war, when both Germany and the Allies indulged in world-wide propaganda campaigns.

In spite of the late violations of warfare rules, such rules, based fundamentally upon humanitarian principles, remain the only enduring restraint on unrestricted warfare. People and governments may disregard the expense of modern warfare and such technical agreements as "battleship tonnage," but ordinarily they regard the humanitarian regulations already well established, such as the Red Cross regulations, killing wounded enemies needlessly, using dumdum bullets, or attacking women and children.

There is urgent need today for introducing international rules in aerial warfare. Bombing from the air has developed into fairly accurate work, but a bomb is not yet certain to reach its mark. A hit in five trials is considered excellent marksmanship—which means that four of every five bombs will spread destruction outside the mark. A "miss" is often measured in hundreds of yards depending upon the altitude of the airplane, and as anti-aircraft artillery force airplanes higher and higher these missiles will land wider and wider of their targets, destroying sections not in any way combatant. Switzerland and Holland during the war repeatedly protested against the occasional

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straying of French and German bombs into their territories. London, Paris, and hundreds of French, British, and German cities were bombed indiscriminately. Under the naval regulations adopted at the Hague "undefended towns" cannot be bombarded. But the term "undefended" can no longer be applied to even a fair-sized village, as the presence of an arsenal, army barracks, plant producing war material, or depot makes the town "defended" and subject to bombardment. As unintentional destruction, in line of duty, cannot be protested under the present rules of warfare, the next war may see entire cities wiped out on the ground that they contain a factory, a supply depot, or a grain elevator.

Unless some restrictions against the bombing of all cities and all civil territory are adopted, the world must be prepared in the next war for concentrated aerial attacks upon the great centers of population. England was not shamming in 1918 when it planned to let loose its sixty-six long-distance bombing squadrons upon Germany. Nor are the French shamming in maintaining their enormously expensive air forces. Louis Breget's visions of future bombing machines weighing 100 tons, with 12,000 horse-power motors, a speed of 200 miles an hour, and a carrying capacity of fifty tons of explosives, are far from startling. There is no need for visions of future aircraft—the present-day planes, using bombs or the newer deadly gases, are capable of wiping out entire cities.

For the first time in history war has come to embrace the civilian portions of states. Men, women, and children, five hundred miles behind the front lines may be subject to more air attacks than the men in the battlefields. The battle areas will extend over the entire territories of the belligerents, and no object will be immune from attack. Action against troops, as military men have pointed out, will be unnecessary if control of the air is gained with the resulting destruction of centers of supply and communication, and with the demoralization of the enemy. However military men may differ on the value of aircraft in warfare, one thing is certain: civilian populations and civil centers for the first time in modern times will be included in combatant areas—and considered legitimate targets because they contain a factory that turns out shoes for the army, or food, or clothing. Under the existing rules of warfare such reasons hold.

Rules of aerial warfare are needed, and once these are adopted by the various governments there will be no further demands for questionable limitation conferences. The Commission of Jurists at the Hague has just completed drawing up a report embodying rules of warfare especially applicable to aircraft. This set of rules has been presented to the various governments, who are now to decide whether they wish to bind themselves to an agreement for international restriction of aircraft in warfare. Where European states would refuse to consider any direct cut in their aircraft programs they may be willing to accept some restrictions in use which in time may come to carry at least the weight of the present Red Cross and other humanitarian regulations.

Eyes Left!

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

MY old friend and enemy, Mr. William Z. Foster, who joins himself to Mr. Eugene V. Debs and Mr. Big Bill Haywood in vigorously but vainly apprising the Daughters of the American Revolution that our greatest outstanding American radicals are amazingly inclined to be of pure indigenous 100 per cent American birth, was in Washington for a few moments the other day and indulged himself in a few amiable comments on the American so-called labor movement.

Mr. Foster, I guess, has spread more alarm in our dovecotes than any other native or imported bird of prey since the days of the human eagle who called himself the Tin-Toothed Terror of Tennessee and sent innumerable creeping thrills of agreeable horror down the spines of the patrons of yellow book-stalls in my early boyhood.

Mr. Foster tells me that he still believes with all his might in the "dictatorship of the proletariat." When Bill says such things, he seems to freeze the gizzards of some people. These people must surely be of some recent immigration quota within the ports of this country. As for myself, when Bill says such things, I hasten to reflect on my noble ancestors who lay in taverns on the hills of Vermont meditating their wrongs until they burst forth and confiscated all the property of their affluent neighbors and condemned it to the use of the Continental Congress and of the Eternal Jehovah and became numbered among the immortal (with a "t" in it) Boys of the Green Mountains, and I gulp a couple of times and say to Bill:

"See here, I don't know how it came about, seeing that we both derive from the New England soil; but somehow you seem to have got to be a proletarian while I'm still a bourgeois; but I want to tell you by the Continental Eternal that even if I *am* only a bourgeois I don't have to run to any court in Michigan to make you stop saying you're rougher than I am. I tell you I'm rougher than you, whenever you start."

The truth is it looks more or less easy to be rougher than Bill, except that his eye is so clean and clear and his smile is so bland and blithe that a certain suspicion is aroused that here in Bill Foster we may have a typical specimen of that standard American type: the gentle-mannered slow-spoken hair-trigger "bad man."

It happens, however, that Bill is not interested in fire-arms. In twenty-two years of reporting I have found hundreds of notable conservatives who were interested in fire-arms. As an American of respectable stock, I am scandalized contrariwise by the lack of interest shown in fire-arms by American notable radicals. A. Mitchell Palmer and I on this point have had the same experience. Out of all his raids on reds he got enough guns and cartridges to justify the beholder in believing that he had committed perhaps one raid on one third-rate week-end club of clay-pigeon shooters.

I have met two radicals of importance who had thoughts on guns. Years ago, I observed Victor Berger in profound contemplation of the idea that some day there might be an

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outright war between the classes; and so, accordingly, like Frank Simonds, he read books on strategy, I think he told me. More lately I have had Senator Brookhart tell me that if he had me in his school of rifle practice at Camp Perry in September of each year, he would make me stop smoking. He thinks it silly to smoke when by not smoking (so he says) one can shoot straighter.

I am deeply impressed by the fact, however, that neither Victor Berger nor Senator Brookhart seems to have the slightest intention, really, of going in for Bill Foster's "dictatorship of the proletariat." It is too bad. Berger could sit in the midnight tent and ponder out the strategy and be the general staff—Brookhart could grasp the rifle in the early dawn and go over the top and be the army. Without them, however, I do not see how this "dictatorship of the proletariat" can be pulled off. I have discussed this difficulty with Bill. I have asked him how his fellows are going to overcome my fellows when his are not only fewer than mine but have about five million fewer rifles and revolvers.

Bill in reply seems to be only slenderly interested in this point. The fact is that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" is a long way ahead for Bill. It comes after a lot of other things. Bill—in a certain streak of him—is quite sane. He does not belong to the Communist Party or to the Workers' Party or to any other political party for accomplishing the "dictatorship of the proletariat." His fault is that he associates with almost everybody. He has "bored from within" in the American Federation of Labor, and he went to that meeting of members of the Communist Party and of the Workers' Party in Michigan and "bored from within" there until he almost got himself through a wall into a cell.

He will go anywhere to make converts. I will say he needs them. His idea of arriving at the "dictatorship of the proletariat" is about as follows:

First, he leaves all political parties alone. Next, he persuades Mr. Gompers to divide all life into ten or twelve basic industries and to appoint a committee in each industry to organize the workers in it into one union. Then, having persuaded Mr. Gompers, he proceeds in each industry to persuade the union workers to leave their separate unions and join the one union. Then, having persuaded the union workers, he persuades the non-union workers. Then, having persuaded all the workers in each industry to belong to one union in that industry, he persuades all the workers in all industries to belong to one union for all industries put together. Then he thereafter—or, at any rate, along about that time—begins to tackle the problem of how to persuade all the rest of us to retire from the government and from the electorate and let the unionized workers do all the voting and all the ruling all by themselves while we bring in our armaments and lay them gladly at the feet of our demanding fellow-citizens.

I think there ought to be a law forbidding Bill to do all these things unless he gets them done by the year 2137. I think also, however, that we ought to let Bill go ahead with the first two or three hundred years of his work—which will be the peaceful part of it—and then be all ready to close in on him when he approaches that "dictatorship" part, when he is likely to have to draw a gun.

I am going to leave it in my will to have my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson shoot Bill Foster.

The Vision Splendid

By WALTER A. DYER

I HAVE reached at last the conclusion that, on the whole, the most thrilling moment in life, so far as reaction to beauty is concerned, is the moment when a bluebird flashes through the blossoming branches of an apple tree on a bright morning in May.

I have reached this conclusion deliberately, after a due consideration of other rare moments in life, such as come during the experiences of first love, or when one first falls under the spell of Keats. Such moments, however, owe their glory largely to the glamor of expectant youth; they will not survive the calm analysis of mature thought. Nor have I left out of account the catch in the breath caused by an early morning view of hills and meadows lying in pure white serenity under winter's first snow, or a summer rainbow at twilight, or an autumn sunset emblazoning the western heavens, though there have been times when these things have fairly choked me with the fulness of their enchantment.

I have even taken cognizance of sights and sounds which it has never been my happiness to experience. I have tried to imagine an audience listening for the first time to Patti; or a traveler upon whom, from out the immensity of star-studded space, there falls the angelic song of the nightingale. I have endeavored to visualize that traveler standing spellbound before the Taj Mahal, rising like an opalescent bubble out of its glassy lagoon; or a painter, like Frederick E. Church, contemplating the grandeur of smoking Cotopaxi bathed in the thousand-tinted glow of an Andean sunrise; or a land-weary plainsman catching his first glimpse of the living ocean and crying, like Xenophon's soldiers, "Thalassa! Thalassa!"

All these things I have thought of, and I have come back to my bluebird and my apple bough.

That rare and delicate combination of form and color is not the creature of my imagination; I have seen it, within fifty feet of the ugliness of my own chip-littered woodshed. And I did not seek it. It appeared before me, like a suddenly projected dream of God.

I was, as usual, busy on that May morning. Theron had gone off down the road on the rusty old disk harrow, with a great squeaking of the bearings and ringing of the blades as they struck the stones, to break up the sod in the new potato piece. Matilda and her yearling daughter Nancy were placidly grazing in their orchard pasture, our white Wyandottes were clucking and cackling vivaciously, and I had come up to the house to get a spading fork, for madam wished to set out a dozen tomato plants that day and plant a row of bush limas, and there was still some quack-grass to be subdued in the garden.

Before bending my back to the work, I paused for a moment to lift up mine eyes to the hills, along whose ancient faces were creeping the last filmy shreds of morning vapor. Overhead there were just enough fleecy clouds to lend intensity to the blue, and a light breeze bore to my nostrils the far-flung perfume of apple blossoms.

The vigorous humming of industrious bees drew my attention to the old Porter apple tree that stands in the greensward near the garden, and as I stood drinking in the soft luxury of its billowy pinkness, the brief, liquid piping of a

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bluebird fell upon my ear. I glanced to the right. There he stood, on top of one of the posts that bear the wires strung to support the raspberries, a happy, excitable little chap, very sleek and plump, and showing dull blue against the fresh young green of the berry canes. Then he sprang into the air, the sunshine turning him to a brilliant indigo, and he headed toward the apple tree. He shot diagonally upward athwart the lower branches, poised for an instant against the fairy background, and then dived like an azure swimmer into a rosy sea.

In that brief moment something very like divinity had flashed before my mortal eyes. I had stood for an instant upon Sinai, upon Patmos. I had witnessed a sort of Apocalypse of beauty, intense, concentrated, overwhelming. Can Heaven, I thought, be more beautiful than that? From all that I had read of the jeweled architecture of the New Jerusalem I was convinced that it would be necessary for me to pass through several incarnations before I should be sufficiently weaned from this earthly paradise to appreciate fully the magnificence of the pearly gates or to prefer the twanging of golden harps to the piping of the bluebird.

Well, I have given vent to my enthusiasm. Perhaps I am merely ridiculous. But in my humble conception of the eternal verities, there is something eminently worth while in such uplifting moments when one becomes conscious of the possession of a soul by reason of the sense of beauty with which it is flooded.

In the Driftway

ONE of the advantages of reading old books is that one learns that many of the so-called novelties of this day are nothing of the kind. Take the dancing marathons which have been running riot. The Drifter is not going to assert that they were known to the ancient Chinese—although they probably were—but he is going to call the gentle reader's attention to something similar of much more recent date. In looking through "Social England Illustrated," a collection of seventeenth-century writings garnered by Andrew Lang, he was halted by an account of Will. Kemp's nine days' dance from London to Norwich, a distance of 100 miles as the crow flies and heaven knows how many more as this nimble fellow gamboled and skipped. Dancer Will was apparently allowed to rest as often and as long as he liked, but the terms of the wager required him to go every foot of the way dancing. Will. Kemp danced the morris (or morrice, as he writes it) all the way, which from all accounts was about as strenuous as a Yale-Princeton football game. But let dancer Will tell himself how he set out on February 11, 1600, on the first lap of his journey:

> The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day; attended on by Thomas Slye, my Tabourer; William Bee, my servant; and George Sprat appointed for my Overseer, that I should take no other ease, but my prescribed order: myself, that's I (otherwise called *Cavaliero* Kemp, Head Master of Morrice dancers, High Headborough of heighs, and only tricker of your Trill-lilles, and best bell-shangles, between Sion and Mount Surrey) began frolicly to foot it, from the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor's, of London, towards the Right Worshipful and truly bountiful Master Mayor's at Norwich.
>
> My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning, my Tabourer struck up merrily, and as fast as kind people thronging together would give me leave, through London, I leapt!

WILL left London by Whitechapel and Mile End. His first stop was at Bow, where he rested a while from dancing "but had small rest with those, that would have urged me to drinking. But, I warrant you! Will. Kemp was wise enough! To their full cups, 'kind thanks!' was my return; with gentlemanlike protestations, as 'Truly, Sir, I dare not! It stands not with the congruity of my health!'" Will danced "by moonshine" from Ilford to Romford, where he ended his first day's dance, remaining two days to rest his "well laboured limbs."

* * * * *

AN admiring and occasionally participating crowd accompanied the dancer from town to town. Sometimes the press was so great as to block his progress and confuse him with contrary directions in regard to the best road. Yet he danced on

> With hey and ho! through thick and thin;
> The hobby horse quite forgotten,
> I followed as I did begin!
> Although the way were rotten.

Those who tried to dance with him never seemed to last long, but they helped to make the way merry. In Sudbury a butcher joined in the capers.

> But ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field: protesting that "if he might get a hundred pounds, he would not hold out with me!" For, indeed, my pace in dancing is not ordinary.
>
> As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass being among the people, called him "Faint-hearted lout!" saying, "If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile, though it had cost my life!"
>
> At which words, many laughed.
>
> "Nay," saith she, "if the Dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him, myself!"
>
> I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat. I fitted her with bells, which she, merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs; and with a smooth brow, bade the Tabourer begin.
>
> The drum struck, forward march I, with my merry Maid Marian: who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford; being a long mile.

* * * * *

IN modern parlance, Marian was "all in" at the end of the mile, but doubtless revived when the good-natured Will gave the girl "her skin full of drink," and a crown to buy more. He also sets down a verse in her honor, written by one of his friends:

> A country lass (brown as a berry,
> Blithe of blee, in heart as merry;
> Cheeks well fed, and sides well larded;
> Every bone, with fat flesh guarded)
> Meeting merry Kemp by chance,
> Was Marian in his Morrice dance.
> Her stump legs, with bells were garnished;
> Her brown brows, with sweating varnished;
> Her brown hips, when she was lag,
> To win her ground, went swig-a-swag;
> Which to see, all that came after
> Were replete with mirthful laughter.
> Yet she thumped it on her way
> With a sportly *hey de gay!*
> At a mile her dance she ended;
> Kindly paid, and well commended.

THE DRIFTER

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Joining the League

(Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School answers his colleague, Manley Hudson, whose article, The Liberals and the League, was printed in The Nation *of April 4.)*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The alluring simplicity of the slogan "Join the League" furnishes a deceptively simple answer to the profound yearning for a world without war. But, of course, "joining the League" is not like joining the Racquet Club. The simple formula of the proposal hides vastly complicated implications. Nothing less is involved than loosing incalculably new forces in Europe and incalculably new forces in the United States. Therefore, neither abhorrence of war, nor devotion to the impulses and ideas behind the League necessarily leads to support of America's adhesion to the League, with its present structure and its associations, emotional more than legal, with the war-fraught treaties of peace of 1919.

Mr. Philip Kerr stated one aspect of the problem in his reminder that the United States is part of the world, but not part of Europe. Therefore it is important not to talk at large about "America's participation in European reconstruction," but to be concerned about the precise conditions and form of our relationship to Europe. It is important not to minimize the implications of the existing League of Nations in the light of the Covenant, the interpretations placed upon that Covenant by its authors, the geographic, intellectual, and emotional factors of American life as compared with European life, and human political experience such as lies behind the policy of *fait accompli*. It will not do to give a factitious simplicity to the complexities behind adhesion to the League of Nations by summing up the case of the League as does my friend Professor Hudson: "I want to talk with them [the Powers] about their policies around a table instead of over the wire." If that were all there were to the League of Nations, then Professor Hudson would be content with a permanent, official round-table of discussion—a means for generating world opinion, with none of the elaborateness and rigidity of the Covenant, and none of its present emotional ties with the discredited treaties of peace.

In other words, the simplicity of the slogan "Join the League" to some of us calls for particularization. *How shall we join?* What are to be the conditions—legal, moral, intellectual, and emotional—under which we shall participate? What are the responsibilities we think we assume? What are the risks involved, not as a matter of law, but as a matter of human probability, in view of the circumstances in which political affairs are conducted? What is the equipment of wisdom and will which we bring to the solution of the terribly difficult European problems?

Behind all the propaganda for joining the League is a wholly untested assumption that America would contribute to the forces of appeasement. Whence do we derive our confidence in the possession of exportable men and measures for the solution of Europe's difficulties, when we are making such a dreadfully bad fist of most of our own national problems?

In addition to considering how we shall join, we ought to address ourselves to the question—*What are we joining?* And the answer to that is not to be had merely by putting the Covenant to the League under a legal miscroscope and arguing about the legal responsibilities which it does or does not create. The expectations of Europeans, both statesmen and people, are even more important in such matters than the most authoritative opinion of the most learned lawyer. We have had some experience in unduly arousing the expectations of European people, and we ought not jauntily to embark upon future European enterprises without making clear, not in the dead words of lawyers, but through unmistakable action of the government, what may and may not reasonably be looked forward to by activity on our part in Europe.

Since the problem is so difficult, it ought not be rendered more difficult by confusing what is clear. The achievements of the League, however great, are not controllingly relevant to America's attitude toward the League. Neither are the failures of the League controllingly relevant. But just as the achievements of the League should not be maximized, so its failures ought not to be explained away by irrelevancies. Professor Hudson claims for the credit of the League that "it has successfully handled four major international disputes, any one of which might have led to a disastrous war." It is a matter of literary taste whether one thus describes, for instance, the controversy about the Aaland Islands. But his explanation of the failure of the League to deal with the indisputable "major international disputes" since its existence, the Russo-Polish War, the Graeco-Turkish War, and the Ruhr, presents an issue of something more than style. I quote Professor Hudson:

> Born on January 10, 1920, when most of the world was still in a state of war, the League was not burdened with the task of making or enforcing the peace. The former neutrals would not have been willing to collaborate in that work. So the Allies kept those functions in the hands of other agencies—the Supreme Council of Allied Premiers, the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris, and the Reparation Commission—all distinct from the League. *Hence the League did not deal with the Russo-Polish War in 1920, nor with the Graeco-Turkish War in 1922, nor with the attempts to collect reparations in the Ruhr.* (Italics mine.)

The explanation thus offered implies that it has been beyond the competence of the League to deal with the basic challenges to the peace of Europe since the League's organization. I submit that in this explanation advocacy has taken possession of accuracy. Professor Hudson is, of course, familiar with, but has evidently forgotten, Article 11 of the Covenant. By this article "any war or threat of war . . . is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." Further, it is declared "to be the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threaten to disturb international peace. . . ."

There is no question, therefore, of the power or the propriety of bringing before the League a situation like the Ruhr. Why then has the League not intervened in the Ruhr? The true reason is given by Prime Minister Bonar Law, who recently said in the House of Commons:

> Nothing can be done without the consent of France. The sole effect therefore would be to use the League of Nations as a means of mobilizing the public opinion of the world against France. Who would gain by that? It is true that if France were willing to accept that intervention it might be useful. If you attempted it when France were hostile, what would be the effect on the League of Nations—all that is left as the result of the war—as a means of settling disputes otherwise than by force?

In the course of a subsequent debate on the Ruhr, in the Commons, Sir John Simon replied that

> He recognized that a wise discretion must be allowed to the Government as to the right moment action should be taken by referring the question to the League of Nations. But to say that they must not appeal to the League of Nations until they knew France would approve their doing so was to reduce the League to almost meaningless absurdity.

Lord Robert Cecil, in his speech in New York, now associates himself with those who believe that the League should deal with the Ruhr situation at the earliest moment. It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss the merits of this difficult issue. But surely it must be clear that it does not help in the education of American opinion as to the scope and function of the League, and as to the nature of America's participation in European affairs, to explain the League's failure to deal with the most crucial issues of war and peace in Europe on technical grounds that bear no relation to actualities.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 5 FELIX FRANKFURTER

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The Jew in America

A Jewish University?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What is a truly "American" university? Is it the college which seeks a registration representative of every State, creed, and race, attaining this cross-section of "All-America" by the introduction of geographical, religious, and racial tests, thus sacrificing the pristine American policy of the "open door"? Or is the State and municipal college, which remaining staunch to the principle of free opportunity undertaken with ambition and effort, throws its portals wide and thereby receives into its midst representatives of one or two nationalities, numerically preponderant in the neighborhood? Which is more "American," to sacrifice a principle for diversity, or to retain a principle at the cost of diversity? Is a New England Baptist college, dominantly British, or an Atlantic Presbyterian college, dominantly Scotch, more "American" than a Mid-Western State college, largely Scandinavian-Nordic, or a New York City college, nine-tenths Jewish?

You deplore concentration as a "defeat" for "our ideal of America." Concentration in the case of the Jew, as well as of other ethnic-religious groups in the United States, seems inevitable; neither the open nor the one-fifth closed door in education can prevent it. Fractional percentage enrolment at Columbia has meant concentration in City College; at Barnard, concentration in Hunter; at Harvard, in local Boston colleges. Inasmuch as 2,500,000 Jews live in Atlantic States, and the Jewish population of New York, even without immigration and with increasing country-wide distribution, is not destined to decline, many of us would welcome a new metropolitan university, non-sectarian and non-propagandist, which might act as an auxiliary and reservoir to drain off the surplus numbers of Jewish students who might freely enter without being stigmatized as an "alien influx," and where no "Jewish problem" as such would ever arise to torment us.

Because the American Jewish community is inextricably interwoven with the economic, political, and cultural life of the land, it will never permit itself to be isolated or suppressed. We ask for the opportunity to develop a maximum Jewish program as the highest means whereby we can cultivate a maximum American program. Knowing Jews as we do, we can vouch for their veritable religion of service to the common American cause. The major question, however, still abides: Will America permit the Jew to serve her in line with his own unique genius? Or will America repudiate the free-will offerings we bring to her shrine of the spirit?

New York, April 15 Louis I. Newman

Hardly Complimentary

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Gentiles do not despise Jews because of the difference in belief or religious views, but because of the Jews' damnable characteristics, lack of honor, principles, morals, and ideals.

The average American has experienced about the following relations with the Jews: In the early years of our childhood we came in contact with members of this chosen race who cheated for the sake of a cent when they bought rubber and rags. A little later on, after these same merchants put *gefüllte Fische* on the side, and were now in that stratum of society where they partook of *Schweinefüss*, they sold embalmed fruit, cheesecloth silk, gunny-sack satin, and paste diamonds. Some of them also branched off into other careers, as proprietors of pawnshops, flophouses, or licentious burlesque theaters.

In hotel lobbies these successful business men talk boisterously, so that the other guests may partake of the crumbs. In restaurants the members of the tribe lead their bedazzled and fur-and-jewel-bedecked mates to the most conspicuous table and holler for a waitah. Men and women with culture and breeding must surely blush at this blah. The veneer is so thin that when you kick a persistent Jew out of the front door, he crawls in at the back door.

Chicago, March 12 H. L. Schumann

The Jewish Racial Frontier

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not all anthropologists agree with Roland B. Dixon. In a pamphlet entitled "Nationality and Race from an Anthropologist's Point of View," being a lecture delivered at Oxford University by Arthur Keith, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., is this paragraph:

> If we except the Lapps and other Mongolian elements in Russia, there is only one people in Europe with a legitimate claim to be regarded as racially different from the general population. That exception is the Jewish people. . . . The Jews maintain a racial frontier, such as dominant races surround themselves with; they carry themselves as if racially distinct. Their original stock was clearly Eastern in its derivation; the peoples of Europe sprang from another racial source. . . . However much the Jewish racial frontier may be strengthened by the faith which is the standard of the race, raids have been made, are now made, across the frontier and a certain degree of hybridization has occurred. Even thus exposed in the eddying seas of modern civilization, the race spirit of the Jews has preserved the greater part of the original characters carried into Europe by the pioneer Semitic bands. In 90 per cent of Jews the physical or Semitic characters are apparent to the eye even of the uninitiated Gentile. In the Jewish people we see nature steering one of her cargoes of differentiated humanity between the Scylla and Charybdis of the modern sea of industrial civilization.

San Francisco, February 24 Leo Newmark

The Experience of the Irish

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the early 1840's commenced a hegira from Ireland. Hundreds of thousands of Irish, a people every whit as passionately nationalist as the Jews, left Ireland as the culmination of centuries of oppression, starvation, misery, and degradation. Their religion was banned, their priests outlawed, education was denied them, starvation, famine, and disease had wrought their will. The "cholera ships" were the sad deathbeds of thousands on their way to the new land of liberty. All the horrors of the pogrom had been their lot; but, eventually, Castle Garden began to receive immigrants who were every whit as poor, ragged, dirty, uneducated, and to the superficial observer "undesirable" as apparently are those Jewish refugees who pass through Ellis Island. And these Irish immigrants were subjected to persecution even in this country: the "Know-nothing" movement was directed at them. A mob, so history informs us, was formed to raid the school and convent of the earlier St. Patrick's (New York) Cathedral. Therefore, we have an almost identical situation to study: a large mass of "unassimilable immigration," dirty, forlorn, terrorized, and deprived of education in their own land, were received here. But there the similarity ends. In less than one generation the Irish of the forties were the Americans of the sixties; the "melting-pot" had commenced its work. Religious, racial, educational prejudices had been overcome; and it would be impossible at this time to "set apart" the Irish in this country, without the actual physical dismemberment of countless people whose veins carry Irish blood mixed with other strains.

There *is* a very definite prejudice against the Jew; it is *not* based upon religious or racial grounds; and a great deal of the abuse and insult hurled at the Jew is but the natural re-

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sult of his own action in setting himself apart—thereby making of himself a target.

New York, April 13 WILLIAM K. FRANCIS

Jews Is Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Eastern America the repulsion toward the Jew is not a religious question. It is toward a race not as a race but as individuals. It is not a traditional hatred, except in a small degree which would not influence the judgment of such untraditional and justly irreligious young men as American college undergraduates.

It is not a hatred at all. It is a personal repulsion. If one should step inside a college fraternity house and catch the spirit there—the unselfishness, the devotion to the college in all its combats, in the look of its campus, in its reputation, the glorification of college loyalty, the deification of work in college activities—one might understand a bit why the Hebrew is not liked as a class in the college. The Hebrew gives nothing to college. He will not go out for activities. He will not be a member of the cheering section at athletic contests. He will not "support." He takes all and gives nothing, and the American collegian with his ideals (against which one can quibble but this is beside the point) cannot suffer that.

There is a similar feeling against people of other races, or nations, particularly Italians and Syrians. They are not accepted by the Anglo-Saxon college man unless they prove themselves, because they are of a lower social ability, racially. They do not understand the American principles of being a "man." Because the Hebrews are numerically more prominent, the whole class of socially undesirable foreigners is termed "Jews," in a careless, broad classification. If one should suggest, "So-and-so isn't a Jew. He's an Italian," the answer would be: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. They're all the same."

Oxford, England, March 8 WILLIAM C. GREENE, JR.

Too Earnest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The cause of anti-Semitism lies in the earnestness and industry of the Jewish student. The Jewish student is not a loafer; he does not go to college for fun, for football, or for the purpose of belonging to clubs and being able to indulge in drinking and sexual orgies. He studies hard, he is intelligent, and therefore carries off most of the prizes. This naturally angers the Gentile student; by raising the general level of scholarship, the Jewish student forces the non-Jewish students to study harder and to indulge less in smoking, drinking, and athletics.

New York, February 24 WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Renegades

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been reading your erudite and astonishingly dull articles on the Jew. The Jew is despised in America for two reasons: (1) He is physically repulsive to the Nordic majority; (2) he is gracelessly over-anxious to be assimilated—in other words, he is a renegade.

The typical Jew is no baseball player inborn. The typical Jew's legs are not long enough to permit him to dance with the abandon of the late Vernon Castle. And yet, ambitious, he insists and persists. The successful Jew has the ambition to look and act otherwise than Jewish. Quite comprehensible. But as comprehensively contemptible in the eyes of the Gentiles who regard him as a bounder and a snob.

Paris, March 10 HERBERT J. SALOMON

Anti-Semitism Antedates Christianity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the "roots of Anti-Semitism" were as simple as Mr. Kallen thinks, how easily might America deal with the problem! But let him read the passages which Reinach has collected in his book on "Anti-Semitism in Classical Antiquity," or let him visit Jaffa or Biskra, and the problem will not seem as simple as a mere incident in the Christian drama of salvation. The high tragedy of the Jew in history, like all great and moving tragedy, cannot be summed up in a single theorem of logic or a single dogma of theology.

Columbia, S. C., March 3 OVERTON BEACH

Judaism as Bad as Christianity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Kallen's article is a masterly analysis and exposition of the rottenness of dogmatic Christianity. However, Christianity with its bedeviled doctrines is no guiltier than its prototype, the Jewish religion, in the preaching of hate. The Jebusites of old were undoubtedly cognizant of this fact. Divine favoritism is an integral part of all creeds whatever their name and origin. No theological system can expect any success in this world unless it declares its followers divinely favored and its antagonists everlastingly damned.

Milledgeville, Illinois, March 21 O. E. GELBARD

Christian Teaching Not Taken Seriously

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Kallen's article, The Roots of Anti-Semitism, somehow fails to convince me that present generalities of Christian men and women are cherishing and cuddling hatreds because of religious beliefs of any kind. Even in Lord Macaulay's day and generation it was doubted whether a religious belief or principle is potent enough to influence man's conduct. And it may be pertinently asked here: Does a good Christian ordinarily give away his coat to a beggar? Does even a very pious Christian offer his left cheek to be slapped after his right cheek has been slapped? How much of the Sermon on the Mount does any Christian live in his everyday life with relation to his neighbor, to his wife and children?

Anti-Semitism is manufactured. Prior to the eighties of the last century Jews lived in the villages of peasant Ukrainia in perfect peace and friendliness. In many instances the Jews were of great help to the illiterate peasantry and such help was not without appreciation. Suddenly there was issued a ukase from the then Minister of the Interior, Ignatiev, that any village community may assemble to discuss the desirability of having the Jews live in their midst, and in case of a negative decision a report of it be made to the governor of the province, who shall then proceed in the matter of exiling such Jewish families. No sooner was that ukase broadcasted into the villages than a veritable riot of assembling started and negative decisions were flying galore from all directions.

New York, March 16 M. MAHLER

Contributors to This Issue

EASLEY S. JONES was born in Nebraska, spent his early years in Colorado, and taught school in Illinois. For some time he has been traveling abroad, but is now a resident of Boulder, Colorado.

M. W. ROYSE was in the air service of the United States during the World War.

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Books

The Style of Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln as a Man of Letters. By Luther Emerson Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S treatise on Lincoln's prose style, though it fills an obvious gap in Lincolniana and has been successful enough to go into a second edition, is not actually a book of any value, for the author, like most other professors of "English," seems quite unable to distinguish good writing from bad. Already, on page 25, he is praising Lincoln's familiar letter to Mrs. O. H. Browning on the subject of his courtship of Mary Owen, dated April 1, 1838—a composition so burdened with a laborious jocosity and so lacking in the most elemental decency of taste that every admirer of Lincoln must wish heartily that it could be expunged from the minutes and forgotten. Professor Robinson says gravely that its "informal type of expression is lighted up with delicacy of humor and a touch of literary allusion," and that "it betrays a certain Addisonian acumen for words that goes far to persuade one that the writer held within his endowments the possibility of a successful essayist." This is utter nonsense. Absolutely the only literary allusion in the letter is embodied in a comparison of Mlle. Owen to Falstaff—a piece of backwoods bounderism, pure and simple. And the only sort of talent for essay-writing that it shows is a talent for writing the sly, whimsical, puerile stuff that young college instructors manufacture by the acre—sometimes, when the winds are fair, getting a few cantos of it into the *Atlantic Monthly*.

What Professor Robinson does not notice is the most important of all things about Lincoln as a man of letters, to wit, that his election to Congress, in 1846, had a stupendous influence, not only upon his subsequent career but also and more importantly upon his inner being. He went to Washington a prancing yokel—the clear superior, no doubt, of all the other young yokels of that year's congressional litter, but still depressingly crude, ignorant, crass, and loutish. He returned in 1848 substantially identical, save for the serenity and detachment that only the years could bring, with the Lincoln of the last stage, the Lincoln of American tradition. In Washington he had made only the faintest of impressions; old colleagues, years afterward, had to let in their imaginations when they tried to recall him. But something or somebody in Washington had made a tremendous impression on *him*—somehow or other he had been reborn. Maybe the transformation was accomplished by his hero of those days, Alexander H. Stephens; maybe it was a collaboration by many men, some of them forgotten by history, or by the whole stock company of the Washington farce, then running downhill toward tragedy. Whatever the process, Lincoln went home to Springfield a new man—a man of new dignity, new self-possession, new manners, new ways of thought—above all, a new way of putting thought into words. Compare the Browning letter to the two letters to Herndon, given by Professor Robinson in his appendix, both dated 1848: the change is truly abysmal. The backwoods jocosity, the uncertain and self-conscious use of words, the hollow striving for "elegant" writing—all these things are gone. Instead there is bald clarity, and, wedded to it, forthright simplicity: the two hallmarks of sound writing, at all times and everywhere. Acquiring a style does not consist in taking on embellishments; it consists in sloughing off embellishments. When Lincoln undertook that sloughing he carried it through with characteristic pertinacity. The style that remained was as bare of rhetorical ornament and the niceties of the professors as a yell for the police—and as brilliantly clear and eloquent.

I am not one who believes that this process was spontaneous and unconscious—that Lincoln was converted from a grandiloquent stump speaker into a master of English by some occult operation of the hormones or by what the insurance policies describe as an act of God. No; he was far too shrewd and deliberate a man, far too cerebral a man, for that to have been the case His style, like his politics, was the fruit of very careful thought. He never did anything impulsively—not even issue an Emancipation Proclamation, promote a general, write a letter, or change the cut of his beard. His celebrated note to Mrs. Bixby on the death of her five sons was not actually addressed to Mrs. Bixby; it was addressed to all the tender hearts in the world. And the Gettysburg Address was no inspiration of a hot day on a dusty train; in its main outlines it was thought out even before Pickett's men made their charge. The legend of Lincoln's divine illumination, of his prophetical and even messianic automatism, is perhaps the worst part of the general Lincoln myth, that colossal masterpiece of American sentimentality and lack of sense. One is asked to believe that he wandered through life in a sort of exalted haze, directed on all great occasions by penetrating stage whispers from the burning bush. It is, alas, a poor way to offer devotion to one of the sharpest, finest intelligences that ever functioned in this realm. Whether as statesman, as politician, as political philosopher, or as man of letters, Lincoln never engaged in any such transcendental somnambulism. He was at all times the alert and complete master of the situation before him. He was, above all things else, an extremely shrewd, realistic, and competent man.

H. L. MENCKEN

The Excellent Critic

The Roving Critic. By Carl Van Doren. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. VAN DOREN'S new "fourth dimension" seemingly offers a promising outlet for the critic away from sterile preoccupations with those old equivocal terms of criticism—the good, the true, the beautiful. The new dimension in which art is to be viewed and weighed is as spacious as life itself, for it is life. "The measure of the creator is the amount of life he puts into his work. The measure of the critic is the amount of life he finds there." This is the creed of the vitalist, of the pragmatist, in tune with all the broader impulses of our day. To test creation by the amount of life-giving force to be found in it, is obviously more reasonable than to measure it by any arbitrary standards of its truth, its aesthetic appeal, or its moral value. Yet in fact is this new dimension, spacious as it sounds, any less equivocal than the old ones? For what is "life"? What is the precious quality that gives to any work of man the necessary sense of vitality? These inescapable queries rise as inevitably and bafflingly as the old ones about truth, beauty, and goodness to tease the exact mind. As with the old criteria, which the modern mind finds too cramping and too vague, the ultimate test of the new dimension must be a personal and therefore variable one. What is life for John may be death to Mary. What is filled with the sense of abounding life for one generation may seem to the next mere windiness. Judged quantitatively what has given this desirable sense of abounding life to most young Americans have been the inane fables of Harold Bell Wright, the preposterous sentimentalism of Zane Grey, and the trivialities of Andy Gump. Would Mr. Van Doren maintain the impossible thesis of their defense because so many healthy millions of his contemporaries have found in their pitiful imaginative fodder an enhancement of their own lives? In truth the new dimension is indeterminate intellectually, and because it is more spacious is therefore vaguer than the old—which may be to the advantage of critic and creator alike, at least in the deft hands of Mr. Van Doren. One can no more predicate what will contain life for another than one can account for all the instinctive repulsions and attractions that divide and bind human beings. It is mere truism

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to say that one seeks what gives or extends life: the insoluble riddle is to discover any reliable law of attraction and repulsion. Mr. Van Doren himself explicitly recognizes this subjective variability in his encouragement of the vagaries of individual appetite among the minor efforts of creation (Creative Reading).

Indeed, it is just because he is not ridden by any theory, even his own large one of a fourth dimension, that makes Mr. Van Doren the valuable critic that he is. He is neither of the pedants nor of the iconoclasts. He belongs to no school, neither that of the respectable classicists nor that of the truculent psychoanalysts. For the one he finds that life is continuous and changing; for the other he points out that no hobby can be ridden safely with relentless logic where the material to be dealt with is as delicate as human life. With ungrudging appreciation of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's brilliant performance on the psychoanalytic hobby horse—so brilliant that it convinces one that Freud has done less for medicine than for criticism—nevertheless Mr. Van Doren firmly explains how the famous method can prove anything on anybody, given the fact that judge, jury, and witness are all one and the same—and the victim dead!

The value of Mr. Van Doren's criticism—and to my thinking it has a very real value in contemporary American letters—lies just here, that he mediates intelligently and graciously between the asperities of the extreme partisans of reaction and radicalism in thought and feeling. Soundly equipped as he is with literary scholarship he respects the ancestors—for he knows that some day we shall be ancestors, that life is a continuous process and criticism did not begin yesterday with the publication of the new *Dial*—and the same wisdom teaches him that creation did not end with the works of the masters of the last century, that youth has its irrepressible right to its say. Thus he is the true middle-aged liberal, with a wise leaning toward the hopes of youth as against the proved and discarded experiences of age. It is an admirable equipment! And once more it should be stressed that it does not depend on any theory, even the free one of a fourth dimension. It lies as all fine gifts must lie in the peculiarities of temperament. The fruitful critic no less than the poet must be born, not made on theory, perhaps even more complexly so than the poet. For he must have that tolerant yet keen interest in every manifestation of life which gives meaning to little and great and recognizes that truth, beauty, and goodness are not simple, but infinite and vastly divided. And he must have the insatiable desire to discover and proclaim them wherever found and patiently to uncover the pretenses of their imitators and usurpers. This last function of the critic, I fear, is that for which Mr. Van Doren is least equipped by nature. His kindliness too often leads him to speak nothing but good of the living as well as of the dead. The lash, at least the waste-basket, is a necessary part of the good critic's equipment. Even the vitalist and the pragmatist must preserve some prejudice, for what does not contribute to the extension of life may very well be damned with more emphasis than silence. . . .

It is then not because of any just theory as to the meaning and the function of art or of life itself that the critic proves his excellence. It is because of a gift of understanding and sympathy, developed by a wide experience both of life and art. The ripe critic neither confounds life with art nor too rigidly parts them. Quite one-half of the critical papers united in "The Roving Critic" deal with life directly, without the intermediary of the writer, as it should be. Such a critic as Mr. Van Doren is less the arbiter and the judge than the discoverer on the eternal quest of the good, the true, the beautiful. He is therefore not the enemy but the truest friend of the creator, is himself in truth an artist of no inferior quality. And the virtue through which he creates is sympathy, which gives understanding and wisdom.

ROBERT HERRICK

Milton

The Influence of Milton on English Poetry. By Raymond Dexter Havens. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

THIS work of 722 pages is a courageous attempt to measure the immeasurable. It requires courage to examine, at least cursorily, all available English poetry between 1660 and 1837, regardless of value, and to reexamine with greater care all that is pertinent to the case in hand. Fifteen years ago the author began his labors with the eighteenth century as his hunting ground, but in the ardor of pursuit he has traced through the poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and far into the twentieth century "the unmistakable evidences of Milton's style, diction, prosody, and subject matter." Such enlargement of plan was inevitable in outlining a great literary movement confined neither within the nice boundaries of centuries nor by the arbitrary limitations of doctoral theses. When we learn more specifically that the author has read hundreds of plays, three thousand sonnets, seventy versified technical treatises, seventy-five humorous poems in blank verse, scores of long descriptive poems, many almost interminable epics, numerous translations of the classics, and a formidable array of long, tiresome philosophical and religious works in verse, not to mention long lists of short miscellaneous and nondescript poems, altogether 1,838 that show a decided Miltonic influence, perhaps not a large proportion of the grand total examined, our amazement gets out of bounds and we wonder whether there ever was before or will be again such a harrowing of oblivion. That the work is an attempt to measure the immeasurable the author himself is forced to admit. "All great art," he remarks (p. 549), "like great action, makes impressions that cannot be calculated; it is only the more definite, and more superficial traces that we may hope to detect."

What, we may ask, is the value of this chapter of English literature, charmingly presented in a style that reveals a scholar, not merely an enthusiast, alive to the importance of his undertaking, but appreciative of the humor and absurdities he meets by the way? The work is not exhaustive, although the author has often followed the gleam until he saw it fade into the light of common day. It says nothing of the force of Milton's "left hand," i.e., his prose; makes no attempt to trace his influence in social, political, and religious thought and life or on foreign peoples and their literatures, and does not weigh Milton's service in passing on the rich heritage of the ancient languages. In all these ways and more he exerted a powerful, though perhaps indirect and intangible influence on English poetry. We learn instead how Milton influenced in all types of poems all manner of poets, mostly minor and minus poets, in their diction, syntax, sentence structure, phrasing, etc.; to what extent he tempted the unscrupulous and shallow to steal from his treasure-house; and so far as possible, what men were thinking and saying of Milton outside of poetry. The book will save us from the annoyance of having innumerable fancied or real resemblances to Milton pointed out one at a time by that large class of critics who break into print on the slightest provocation. It has also preempted the field for a long series of monographs on Milton and some successor. But the author has not stopped here. He has salvaged much wreckage, cursed far more, has traced the history of blank verse, especially in the descriptive poem, epic, technical treatise, and translation, and shed much light on the lyric awakening in the eighteenth century, on the history of the sonnet, and on the beginnings of the romantic movement. In many other particulars the work is fundamental.

With clear vision of the ultimate goal of scholarship the author has correlated and rounded off his labors beyond the nominal bounds. He has dragged into light much that appears insignificant, but even the movements of drift and sediment help characterize the stream. The great poems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries mean more to us in the light of their evolution from baser forms, though we shall not agree

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that "The Excursion as a whole is unread and unreadable." The work is systematically and conveniently ordered with several helpful appendices. For the interesting and extensive lists of borrowings from Milton by Pope, Thomson, Thomas Warton, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Keats the author acknowledges heavy debts to other scholars. The numerous and elaborate footnotes enable the reader to track the author at any time, and compel admiration for his industry. His attempt to weigh all material within his ken added immensely to his difficulties, responsibilities, and liability to error. Laconic evaluations are at best misleading. With a work so comprehensive as this no reader will agree *in toto*. We regret the author's lack of sympathy with Wordsworth, especially in the poet's later work; we are sure he underrates Keats's powers of invention; slights Shelley and others; and fails to discover and accept Byron's flaunting challenge: "I am too happy in being coupled in any way with Milton, and shall be glad if they find any points of comparison between him and me." As the influence of Milton becomes more subtle and evasive in the works of the greater poets and truer artists, the study before us escapes control rather than attains completeness. But Professor Havens's book marks ample progress, directs future advances, stimulates, and is therefore good. It will remain a monument to his credit, and convincing evidence that the good Milton did was not interred with his bones.

L. N. BROUGHTON

Not Jane Austen

The Watsons. By Jane Austen. Concluded by L. Oulton. D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

IN undertaking the impossible Miss Oulton had perhaps more courage than wisdom. It is doubtful in the first place if "The Watsons" is worth finishing. As a fragment belonging to one of the deftest and soundest and wittiest and most unmannered of English writers, it may do very well. But it should be remembered as a fragment, and as one that bears many imperfections which its author would ruthlessly have cut out before judging it fit for publication. Miss Oulton has taken this imperfect third of a novel and attempted to add two-thirds that could not be distinguished from the genuine article. She did it doubtless as one familiar with and fond of every page that Jane Austen had written; probably she did it painstakingly and with deference. None of these things made her task more possible.

It is not easy to determine the essence of Jane Austen. She is common sense incarnate; she possesses a fine and sometimes stinging wit. It is a mistake to think of her as a retiring, demure creature with an inexplicable and Heaven-sent comprehension of life which she never really lived. She is perhaps quiet, but it is the quietness of the cat who watches a mouse—and she can jump on a defenseless creature as effectively. She is by no means without gusto; she is shrewd; she more than once is cruel. Her accuracy of observation told her that the men and women whom she described deserved to be wept over as well as mocked, admired as well as despised, loved and hated in the same breath. She was thoroughly and terribly aware of the complexity of human behavior.

It is this wise woman whom Miss Oulton has tried to imitate. On the whole she has worked out her plot credibly. It is in her rounding out of character and her attempt to create a literary style where no style existed that she has failed. It is not enough, in trying to write like Jane Austen, to say "did not you," and "I would place monstrous little faith in anything he said." These quaintly sounding phrases must be accompanied by a pure and sensible English, almost entirely free from colloquialism—certainly from modern colloquialism. Miss Oulton uses "mixed-up with," "he has hastily cleared out," "Mrs. Burton at once gave in," "How have you the face to stand there?" "you are insufferable . . . and you *just nothing!* Owing every stick on your back to your brother and me!" Miss Austen did not write so. Miss Austen, of course, never took her cha[illegible] Italy, as Miss Oulton does, or indeed one foot off Eng[illegible]sh s[illegible] so she would never have said that Mr. Howard and Lady [illegible]sborne "rambled about amongst the old churches . . . so ri[illegible] in the masterpieces of the world." She never wrote out a love [illegible]sce[illegible]e; if she had it is doubtful if she would have said: "Sh[illegible] could not speak, but she laid her trembling hands in his."

One might go on at length. Miss Oulton is abrupt where Miss Austen would have been natural; she is brisk where she should have been neat; crude instead of subtle, outspokenly tender instead of reserved, sentimental where she should be slyly amused; worst of all, she is not quiet! The indictment against Miss Oulton, therefore, is long; yet she has done no disservice to Jane Austen. The inevitable result of coming upon "The Watsons" is that one reads the six bona fide novels again and finds them good.

DOROTHY GRAFFE

The Thoughtful Slav

Futility. By William Gerhardi. Duffield and Company. $1.75.

THE current Nordic assumption that the Slavs take their souls too seriously is the basis of Mr. William Gerhardi's hilarious farce-comedy on Russian themes. He plunges his English hero into the midst of a group of super-Chekhovian futilitarians and gets prodigious fun out of his own and his hero's complete failure to understand this group of sophisticated and delightful people who deliberately prefer stewing in their own emotional grease to doing anything about it. Farcical as the incidents of the book are, it is raised to the level of comedy because it is based on a critical idea—the comparison of two philosophies of life. It is Russian life seen as a bedlam because seen through the eyes of a man to whom the fundamental assumptions of Russian life are alien. To the English war-time visitor, called by his Russian friends Andrei Andreiech, the first duty of man is to establish an orderly life, to make stocks pay, and, when necessary, to win wars. To Nikolai Vasilievich and his numerous dependents, on the other hand, the prime necessity is the analysis of mental states and the satisfaction of temperamental needs. Like most Englishmen, Andrei has little sympathy with Hamlets except in the theater, and the image which occurs to him is not that of the melancholy Prince but of Faust in the opera who takes the hand of Marguerite in prison and cries "We fly, we fly," at the same time making no visible effort to quit the center of the stage. To him it seems that Nikolai has made an unholy mess of his life, but to Nikolai himself, no doubt, that life, though tragic, is not wholly unsuccessful, for has he not examined the intricacies of his own soul thoroughly and resolutely thought all things out—even though he has thought them to no conclusion?

Even Chekhov himself was too much a Russian not to make his satire so comprehending as to be almost an apology, whereas Mr. Gerhardi is alien enough to be able to turn what might have been a tragedy into a farce. Yet save for this burlesque touch Nikolai, who finds confession of his wickedness a luxury because it relieves him from the necessity of trying to be good, and Uncle Kostia, the writer who never gives visible sign of having written anything, are Chekhovian characters. Chekhovian, too, is the spiritual climax which comes when Kostia, after a day of more than usually profound meditation, announces that he has passed a misspent life and that writing is a futility because thoughts cannot be transferred in their integrity to paper. But it is not to productive labor he will turn; in the future he will devote all of his time to thought. Still, not all the satire is for the Russians, for common sense gets its well-deserved blows. What, for example, could be more "practical" than the reply of an English diplomat and linguist who, when appealed to to prevent the massacre of a group of Jews by Kolchak's officers, first maintains silence in twenty-eight foreign languages and then demands: "How can I protest before they

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have been killed? I want facts to go on. I can't act before I know the facts. Facts, Mr. Eisenstein, f[illegible]cts." Though poor Andrei is desperately in love with one of [illegible] daughters of his host he is at length compelled to fly back to England where, if the people are not more sane, their insanity is at least of a sort more comprehensible to his temperament.

Like all good comedy, "Futility" sets its roots down into one of the fundamental predicaments in which human nature finds itself and which is comic or tragic as one views it. The Russian suffers relatively little more than any other man from the fact that we all have more temperament and more intelligence than we know what to do with. Nothing does more to lower the efficiency of a man than the possession of what is ordinarily called a soul, and from the standpoint of nature the development of this disturbing element must be the greatest failure of evolution. What, for example, could be more disturbing to the orderly conduct of the struggle for sustenance and reproduction than an irrational preference for one healthy woman over another, or what more inefficient than the pursuit of intellectual or aesthetic experience for their own sake? We Nordics have partially solved the problem by making a compromise, keeping the disturbing element sternly in check, putting our morality on the side of nature, and calling that man good who keeps the irrational demands of temperament subservient to the requirements of order. As a compensation we have turned the world of imagination over to the soul and demand only that the two be not confused, praising, for example, the poems of Shelley and condemning his life, which was only an acting out of the poems. Hence most of us, like Mr. Gerhardi's hero, can never understand the Russians who have attempted another solution. Your Englishman is determined to keep his house in order no matter what state his mind is in; your Russian is so busy trying to straighten out his mind that his house gets into a frightful mess and the root of the Englishman's exasperation is simply that he cannot persuade his Slavic brother to leave the one for the other.

It is the eternal quarrel between the romantic and the practical man, a quarrel which this reviewer has no intention of trying to arbitrate. But "Futility" strikes him as the best fictional comedy of the season because it is so laughing a criticism of the romantic viewpoint and because in addition to the gift of satire Mr. Gerhardi has a true novelist's gift of vivid characterization and rapid narrative. His book is the hearty laughter of common sense at those vagaries which are the source of all man's absurdities and all of his sublimities. Yet the laughter is not too hearty; Mr. Gerhardi knows that he is treading debatable ground. After all, what is a foolish infatuation except a grand passion which we do not share?

J. W. Krutch

A Great Rebel

Vita e Pensieri di Errico Malatesta. By Max Nettlau. Il Martello Publishing Company. $1.25.

THIS is the first attempt to give a full account of the life of Errico Malatesta—manual worker, journalist, orator, philosopher, and social rebel. It is more than a biography, being in effect an outline history of anarchism during the period of Malatesta's activity. And by the same token it is lamentably less than a biography. It is deficient in the colorful personal aspects of the story; Max Nettlau protests again and again that the private affairs of his friend are his own business. However that may be, we cannot but hope for a supplementary or revised book to round out the biography by telling us about Malatesta's experiences as a gold-digger in Patagonia, about his life at the Defendi home in London, about his accidental meeting in London with his brother from Alexandria after a thirty-years' separation, and other matter of this more intimate character. Until that is done, Malatesta must remain merely an heroic abstraction to those who do not know him personally.

The history of the manuscript constitutes an almost symbolic footnote to the subject. Its peregrinations are not unlike Malatesta's own. The author is an Austrian—he wrote the book in English—and it saw the light first in Italian via a New York publisher! The English original, however, is in America, and will be printed as soon as a courageous publisher is found.

Against the background of a Europe misruled by renegade Millerands, Lloyd Georges, Mussolinis, Noskes, Pilsudskis, and others of the fraternity of ex-idealists, the personality of Errico Malatesta attains an idyllic grandeur. At the age of sixty-nine he can look back upon fifty years of intensive revolutionary work, thirty-six of them spent in a busy exile. His life has a consistency, an almost apocalyptic directness which more than explains the adulation with which he is regarded among his comrades. It coincides, moreover, with a concentrated half century of social development. Its threads are woven closely into the lives of the leaders during this period—Mazzini, Bakunin, Cafiero, William Morris, the brothers Elie and Elisée Reclus, James Guillaume, Stepniak (Sergius Kravchinski), Kropotkin, and many others. It is a life that bridges the time of the Paris Commune and the Russian Revolution. Its course consequently has a tremendous significance.

The last years have to a large extent destroyed the romance of rebellion. The contact with reality achieved in Russia may account for this. Social revolution in the modern world has been abruptly brought down to cases. It is developing its cold specialists, so to speak. Malatesta's life, on the other hand, may be said to symbolize the romantic age of rebellion. It is crowded with the romance of propaganda under difficult circumstances, exile and persecution in a dozen countries, leadership in melodramatic coups. Nor is it the romance of self-conscious knight-errantry, of adventure for adventure's sake. It is rather the inevitable unfolding of a character unswerving in its devotion to a philosophy of action. Even at the peaks of his adventures Malatesta has remained kindly, retiring, modest in his habits.

It is not possible, of course, to give a résumé of Malatesta's life in a brief review. Its material is much too ample. The story of his days in courts of justice alone would make an absorbing volume. The mention of a few high-lights, however, may help to indicate the opulence of the man's experiences. The insurrection at Benevento in southern Italy, May, 1877, for instance, when he, together with Cafiero, the Russian terrorist and author Stepniak, and only twenty-three or twenty-four others captured the towns of Letino and Gallo in the name of the social revolution and declared the king deposed. It was a deliberate gesture calculated to bring the message of socialism to the peasants at a time when no other channels of approach were open. Upon being released from prison after this miniature revolt, he went to his native town of Santa Maria, near old Capua. Finding some houses which had been left to him by his parents—the only property he possessed—occupied by poverty-stricken townsmen, he ceded his ownership to them without a *soldo* of compensation. In 1884 we find him tending cholera patients in Naples, enunciating at the same time his belief that the epidemic had its origin in poverty and that the only lasting remedy was socialism. In London he is prominent among a group that includes other world-famous revolutionary figures.

When he returned to Italy on October 29, 1919, after being smuggled out of England on a coal boat by the head of the Italian Seamen's Federation, Giulietti, all the ships in the port of Genoa saluted his arrival, the city stopped work and turned out to greet him. His arrest soon after and the events in Italy which have forced him temporarily into the background of national life are recent enough to be generally known. Despite his age, Malatesta is still a vigorous, devoted social rebel, and the most stirring chapters of his career may still have to be written.

Eugene Lyons

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Drama

Three Plays

THE swiftly withdrawn production of "As You Like It" at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, despite the excellence of Mr. Lee Simonson's scenery and the great personal charm of both Miss Marjorie Rambeau and Miss Margalo Gilmore, was not nearly so important as certain faint and yet definite critical reactions which it evoked. Two or three of the more honest-minded critics declared straightforwardly that no production could have saved the play. They found it dull, tedious, and artificial. To anyone who had ever seen schoolboys and young students writhe under a prolonged and stodgy and solemn study of this piece and who had long ago, for this and other equally sound reasons, made up his mind as to its quality, this confession seemed immeasurably encouraging. Perhaps the mere worship of the Elizabethans will at last abate. When one has granted such a piece as this traces of Shakespeare's towering genius as both a poet and a rhetorician, one has granted enough. The fable, plot, sub-plot and sub-sub-plot, is frankly childish and the psychology absurd. Nor is it—this specious argument is often advanced—analogous to a fairy-tale. The folk- or fairy-tale has mystery, deep, innocent symbolisms, immemorial echoes, spiritual overtones. The masques and pastoral plays of the Renaissance are the reverse of all that. They are chill to the marrow, tawdry with the contortions of long-withered wit, devoid of nature or truth. The scholar in his aloof study may admire the verbal agility, the occasional poetical flights, the rare observations that have aptness. An audience unaccustomed to the midnight oil but a little versed in human nature cannot.

The progress of the drama toward seriousness and reality—always excepting the great Greeks and four or five of Shakespeare's topmost plays—was almost as slow as that of science. In Gogol's famous "Inspector General" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) we have an early effort to make a play imitate and interpret life. Gogol undoubtedly knew this provincial town and these corrupt and foolish and amusing bureaucrats with marvelous exactness. One sees him straining to communicate this knowledge. But between him and such communication stand the traditional pattern of comedy, the traditional necessity—there never was any such necessity, of course—to build an externally symmetrical plot, to have a Complication and a Resolution and a Climax. He is afraid to intensify at any point, to give us facts, perceptions, character, atmosphere. Everything is sacrificed to the action. And the action is trivial and dull and stale. Yet one feels that he had, so far as the superstitions of the theater would permit him, his eye on the object and one can perfectly understand the high historical importance of this comedy in the history of the Russian drama. Mr. Maurice Swartz's production is very intelligent. He has neither softened nor modernized the play. He has left it as broad, as stiff, and as boisterous at once as its author and its age conceived it. The fine concreteness given to the part of Ossip by W. A. Norton and to that of the servant at the inn by J. M. Crane serves but to emphasize the angular farce tradition to which the play belongs.

One comes from such things to the Theater Guild production of Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" and seems, in no facile and superficial sense, to come home. We have not, to our shame and disgrace, learned to manage life much better than our ancestors. We have at least learned to understand it. In the world of action we may still be fools and tyrants and murderers; in the world of art and thought, at least, there is vision and truth. These people of Shaw are all, to be sure, a bit Shavian. But that simply means that to their reality is added a still higher one to which they might gladly have aspired. When Burgoyne, in the reputed German manner in Belgium, hangs a man or two as a matter of military necessity, he is not without a sardonic insight into the bloody farcicalness of such a procedure. Dick Dudgeon, above all, is magnificently illustrative of the reaction of a fine soul from the religion of hatred, of the necessity of the lover of mankind to embrace the role of heretic, rebel, outcast. The play ends with a bit of trickery in action. It does not end so until its wit, its wisdom, its high humanity have made their ever-fresh impression and appeal. The production ranks with the Guild's best. It is quite without eccentricity. Mr. Moeller's direction is of especial excellence. Remarkably felicitous performances are given by Basil Sidney, Roland Young, Beverly Sitgreaves, Moffat Johnson, Lotus Robb, and Martha Bryan-Allen.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Among the Best

RAIN—Most searching play of the season.

ROMEO AND JULIET—The triumph of Jane Cowl.

MARY THE 3RD—Highly suggestive social comedy.

THE COMEDIAN—Suavely elegant entertainment.

THE ADDING MACHINE—Highly intelligent impressionistic play brilliantly produced.

THE OLD SOAK—Melodrama made civilized by Don Marquis's wit and insight.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Agreeable aspiration toward native satire.

L. L.

BELASCO, West 44th St. Evenings at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30.
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JANE COWL
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Henry Miller's Theatre, 124 WEST 43rd STREET Eves., 8:30; Mats., Thurs., and Sat., 2:30

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GARRICK THEATRE
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By IBSEN Music by GRIEG
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Rachel Crothers' Best Comedy
MARY the 3rd
"Thought provoking" and "Satisfactorily funny."
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PINERO'S beautiful love story
THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE
"The production and the acting are admirable."—*John Corbin, Times.*
"Most tender and appealing play."
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Psychology — Margaret Daniels
Philosophy — Wm. P. Montague
And Others

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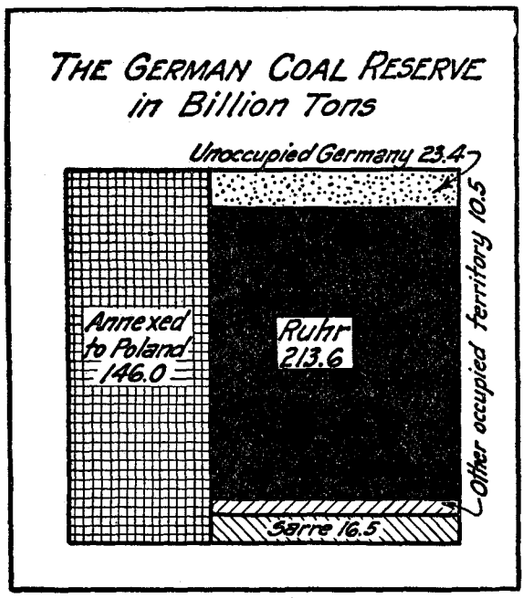
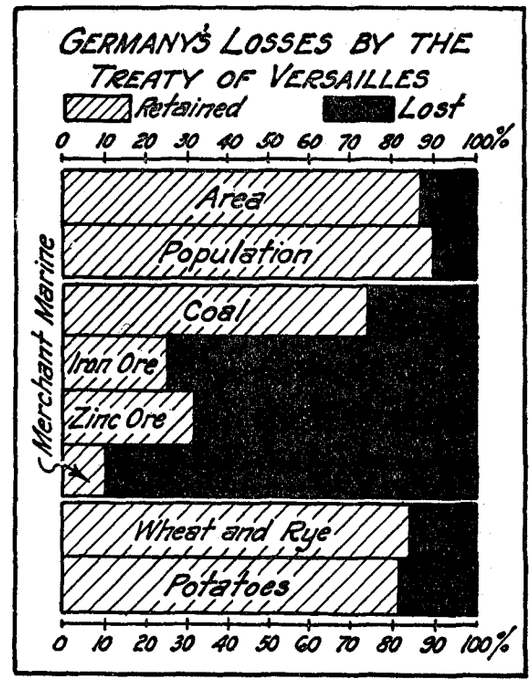
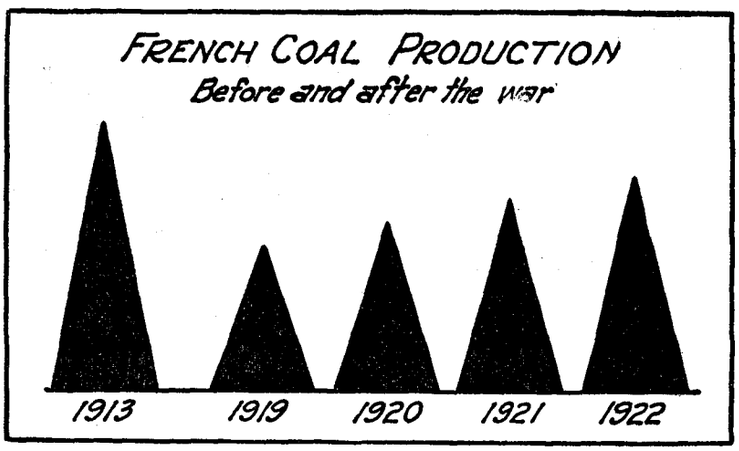
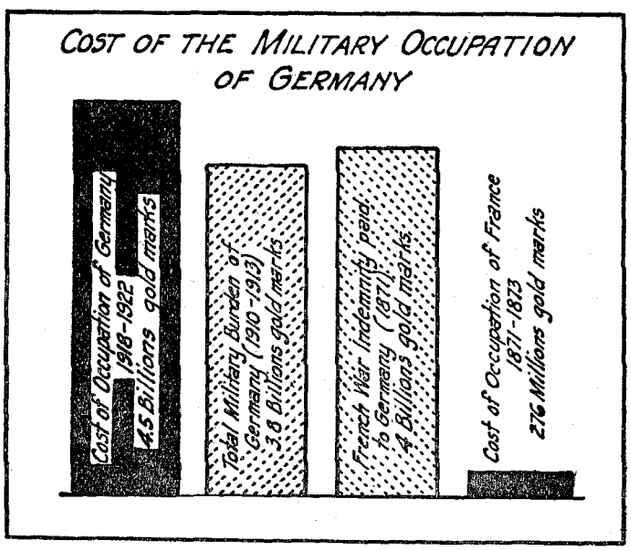
International Relations Section

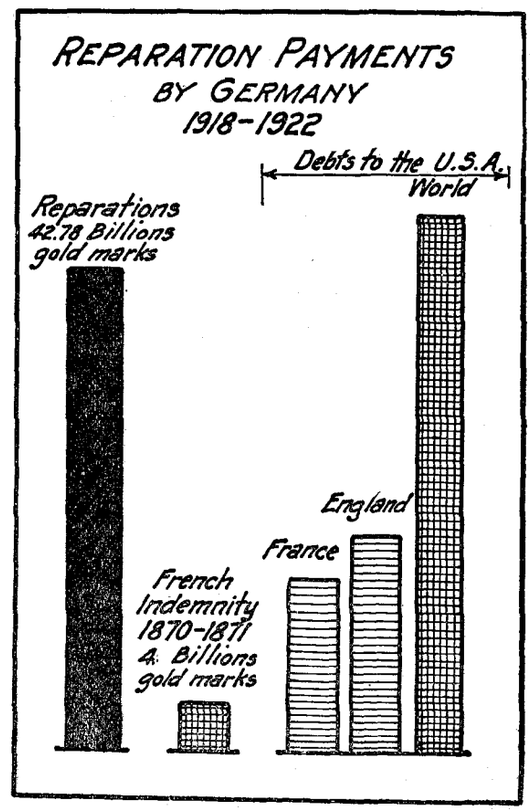
A Graphic View of Germany Today








COST OF THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF GERMANY
Cost of Occupation of Germany 1918-1922 4.5 Billions gold marks
Total Military Burden of Germany (1910-1913) 3.8 Billions gold marks
French War Indemnity paid to Germany (1871) 4 Billions gold marks
Cost of Occupation of France 1871-1873 276 Millions gold marks



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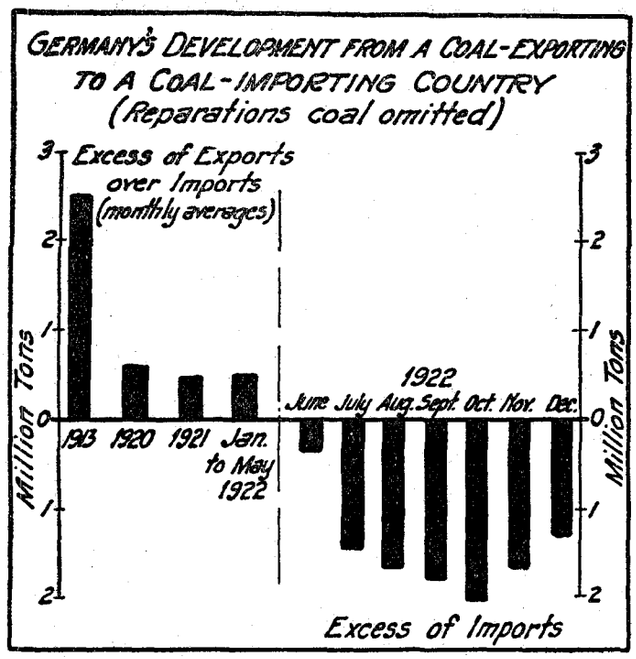
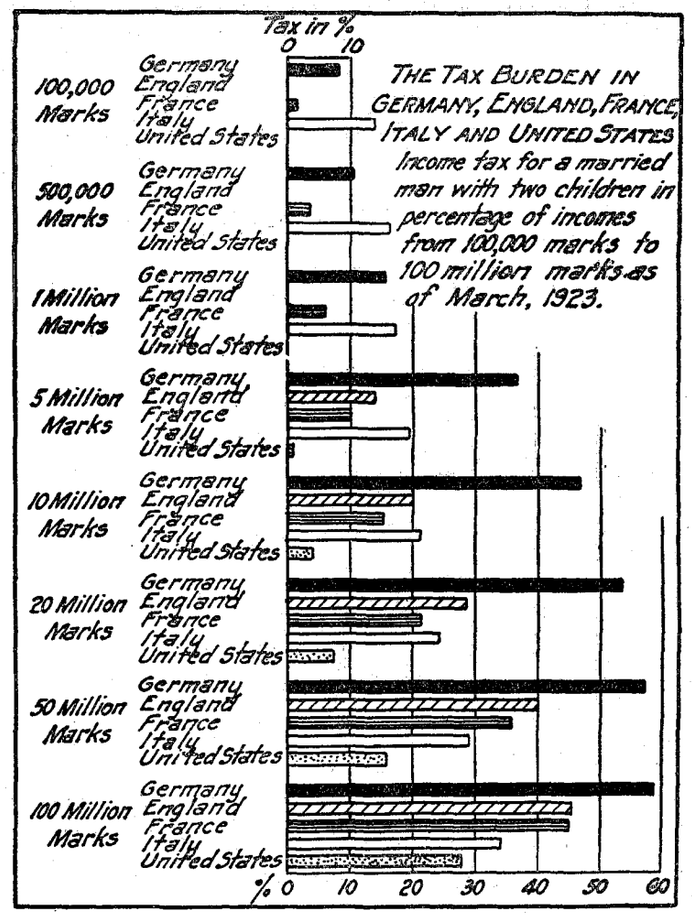
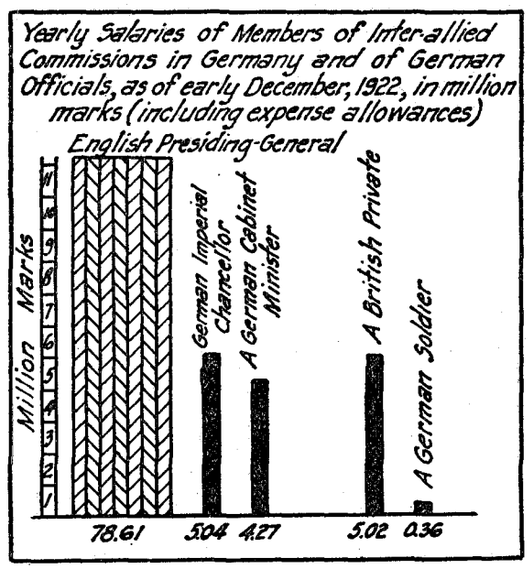
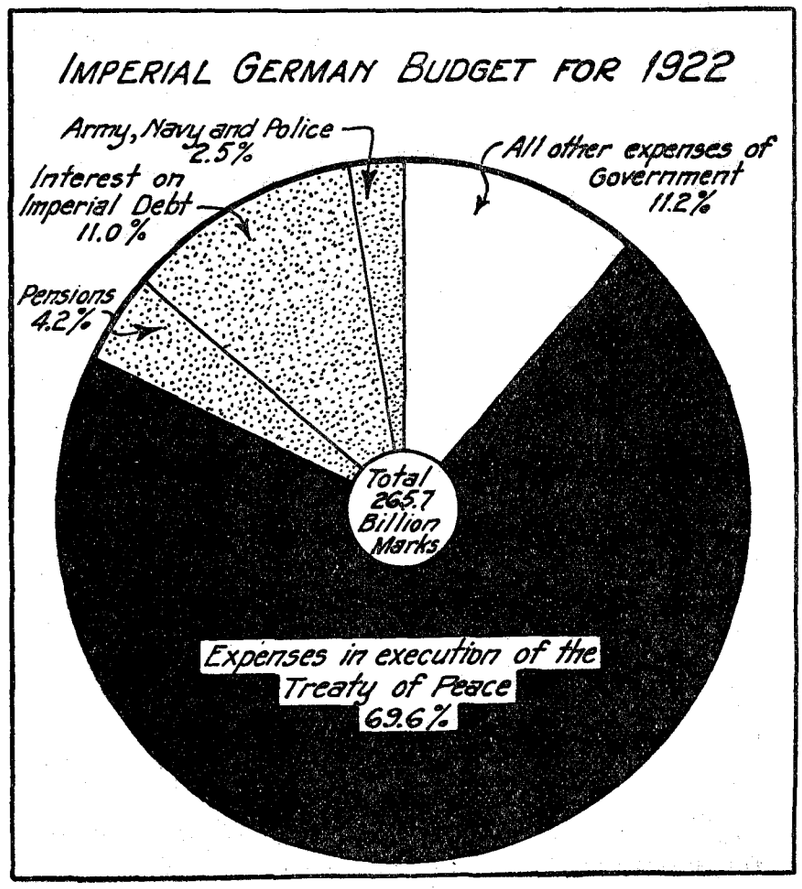
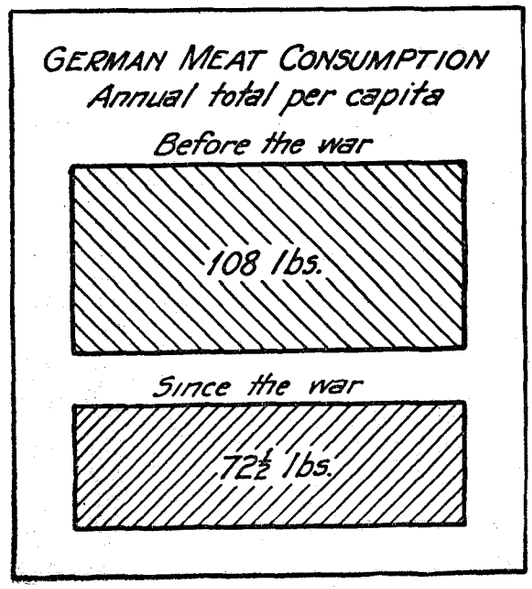



Tax in %
0 10
THE TAX BURDEN IN GERMANY, ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY AND UNITED STATES
Income tax for a married man with two children in percentage of incomes from 100,000 marks to 100 million marks as of March, 1923.
100,000 Marks
500,000 Marks
1 Million Marks
5 Million Marks
10 Million Marks
20 Million Marks
50 Million Marks
100 Million Marks
Germany
England
France
Italy
United States
% 0 10 20 30 40 50 60




IMPERIAL GERMAN BUDGET FOR 1922
Army, Navy and Police 2.5%
Interest on Imperial Debt 11.0%
Pensions 4.2%
All other expenses of Government 11.2%
Total 265.7 Billion Marks
Expenses in execution of the Treaty of Peace 69.6%



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The diagrams on the preceding pages are taken from various publications of the German Statistischen Reichsamt.

What Germany Has Paid

IT is impossible to determine precisely what Germany has paid in execution of the Treaty of Versailles, because the amount to be credited for various items, such as the Saar mines, the merchant marine, etc., remains unsettled. We therefore present herewith a German statement, which may be regarded as a maximum account, and a Reparation Commission statement, which may be taken as a minimum. The former includes all payments to December 31, 1922; the latter includes only payments to August 31, 1922. The Germans include German property liquidated abroad, which does not come within the purview of the Reparation Commission; their figures on Saar coal and other state property ceded are several times as large as the "provisional figures" given by the Reparation Commission, which are recognized as too low; the Germans reckon the coal delivered at the world market price, the Commission at the low German market price; other cost reckonings vary, and the Commission takes no account of the items listed by the Germans under V. A thousand gold marks is about $250.

The German Statement

I. Deliveries from Materials on Hand and Cession of Property Within the Reich and Abroad

	In thousand gold marks
1. Property of the Reich and of the states (exclusive of Eupen-Malmedy, Alsace-Lorraine, and the colonies)	5,507,616
Add: Property of the Reich and of the states in Eupen-Malmedy	150,000
2. Saar mines	1,017,570
3. Private and public cables	79,410
4. Non-military property left in the territory evacuated by the German troops on the western front	1,897,150
5. Railroad and pontoon bridges over the Rhine (part belonging to Baden)	9,611
6. Shares of the Morocco State Bank and value of the stocks and bonds delivered in accordance with Art. 260 of the peace treaty	392,643
7. German property liquidated abroad	11,740,000
8. Germany's claims on her former allies ceded in accordance with the peace treaty	8,600,000
Total	29,394,000

II. Payments and Deliveries from National Capital and Current Production

	In thousand gold marks
9. Railroad material delivered in accordance with the armistice terms, including reserve parts, motor trucks, all locomotives, rolling stock, and other railroad equipment in the ceded territories (inclusive of Upper Silesia, exclusive of Memel district, Denmark, and Eupen-Malmedy)	2,238,433
10. Ocean-going vessels (inclusive of vessels in American waters and ships on which an embargo had been placed) and fishing boats, ships of inland waterways, harbor equipment, and river boats	6,020,391
11. Coal without by-products (world market price)	2,333,600
12. Deliveries for reconstruction in accordance with the armistice terms (for instance, coal by-products, animals, pharmaceutical products, machinery, tools, woods, University of Louvain, paintings, etc.)	520,576
Total	11,113,000

III. Cash Payments

	In thousand gold marks
13. Payments in foreign exchange	1,580,000
14. Sale of destroyed and damaged war material (scrap), estimate	200,000
15. Rhineland customs and other revenue from the economic sanctions of 1921	69,337
16. Yield from the English Recovery Act	126,295
17. Miscellaneous (war expenditures of Alsace-Lorraine, Franco-German pension agreement, guaranties to the guaranty committee, etc.)	164,368
Total	2,140,000

IV. Other Payments and Deliveries

	In thousand gold marks
18. Clearing	603,000
19. Internal costs of occupation including mark advances (the external costs of occupation—i. e., the expenses, borne in the first instance by the Powers occupying German territory, and met without mark advances—are paid by Germany by deliveries in kind. These costs amounted to 3.4 billion gold marks on April 30, 1922)	861,000
20. Cost of the Reparation Commission and the other interallied commissions	90,000
21. Restitutions and substitutions (i.e., deliveries of material restituted or substituted) of machines, tools, ships, and animals—estimate	400,000
22. Navy delivered to the Allies exclusive of those vessels interned in Scapa Flow, but inclusive of the marine equipment in Tsingtau ceded to Japan—Articles 184, 185, and 188 of treaty	1,417,000
Total	3,371,000

V. Expenditures and Losses Within Germany

	In thousand gold marks
23. Military disarmament (exclusive of sales of scrap), estimate, i. e., army, navy, or air material undamaged or destroyed, delivered to the Reparation Commission, sold whole or broken up to the highest bidder, mostly in Germany, the proceeds of which were credited to the Allies. The yield from the sales of scrap were credited to capital account (*vide supra* 14)	6,250,000
24. Industrial disarmament—estimate	2,700,000
25. Non-military material left by the German troops in the evacuated territory on the eastern front —estimate	1,050,000
26. Miscellaneous (costs of plebiscites, determining frontiers, care of refugees, etc.)—estimate	482,000
Total	10,482,000

VI. Summary

	In thousand gold marks
Deliveries from materials on hand	29,394,000
Payments and deliveries from national capital and current production	11,113,000
Cash payments	2,140,000
Other payments and deliveries	3,371,000
Expenditures and losses within Germany	10,482,000
Total	56,500,000

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If, to this total, the value of Alsace-Lorraine, of the German colonies, and of the purely military material in the various evacuated territories be added, the figure representing Germany's total payments and deliveries runs well above 100 billion gold marks.

The Allied Summary

The Reparation Commission accounts are not complete, nor are they yet available in any simple form. The following summaries, taken from the *Federal Reserve Bulletin for February, 1923, are the clearest available:*

I. Payments to August 31, 1922

	In thousand gold marks
On pre-May 1, 1921, army costs and coal advances, account	2,621,650
On capital debt account	2,504,342
On post-May 1, 1921, army costs account	268,190
On schedule of payments account	
On instalments due to August 15, 1922	1,952,923
On instalments falling due October 15, 1922	38,023
Total	7,385,128

Of this total 21 per cent, or 1,562,244 thousand gold marks, was paid in gold or in foreign currency; 45 per cent, or 3,318,542 thousand gold marks, was paid in kind; and 34 per cent, or 2,504,342 thousand gold marks, was paid in state property in the ceded territories.

II. Payments in Kind

	In thousand gold marks
Under armistice convention	
Abandoned war material	317,804
Rolling stock (127,039 cars, 4,553 locomotives)	826,653
Motor trucks	17,509
Fixed railway material	2,461
Agricultural material	22,709
Louvain Library	1,451
Proceeds of Reparation Recovery Act	114,744
Under Annex III	
Ships (2,593,057 gross tons)	706,129
Inland watercraft and installations	24,836
Under Annex IV	
Reconstruction material	19,810
Live stock (99,300 horses, 175,439 cattle, 218,076 sheep, 21,664 goats, 245,688 poultry)	157,073
Miscellaneous under Annexes II and IV	110,268
Under Annex V	
Coal, coke, and lignite (actual tonnage 41,019,432 metric tons; converted tonnage 45,760,053 metric tons)	776,618
Coal, credit in suspense	30,970
By-products of coal	22,855
Under Annex VI	
Dyestuffs (17,363,990 kilograms)	46,937
Pharmaceutical products (753,775 kilograms)	12,813
Under Annex VII	
Submarine cables	49,000
Miscellaneous	236
Sales by Reparation Commission	
Coal, coke, and lignite to Luxemburg (2,525,314 metric tons; 3,406,387 in converted tonnage)	50,074
Dyestuffs to United States Textile Alliance (2,341,497 kilograms)	4,564
Dyestuffs to German buyers (626,805 kilograms)	3,026
Total	3,318,542

III. Distribution of Receipts

	In thousand gold marks			
United States[1]	59,491	.....	.....	59,491
British Empire[2]	955,161	141,922	538	1,097,621
France[3]	1,322,709	101,013	2,042	1,425,764
Italy	39,106	157,723	.....	196,829
Japan	.....	8,978	59,000	67,978
Belgium	254,640	1,208,202	635	1,463,477
Others	.....	136,627	6,031	142,658
Total	2,631,107	1,754,465	68,246	4,453,818

	In thousand gold marks
Cession to France—Saar (provisional figure)	*300,000*
Cession to Poland (provisional figure)	1,730,582
Cession to Danzig (provisional figure)	305,514
Other items in suspense and undistributed assets:	
pre-May 1, 1921	563,289
post-May 1, 1921	44,350
Total	7,397,553

An anonymous writer in the *Federal Reserve Bulletin* comments on these figures, pointing out that 39 per cent of the total paid has been absorbed by the expense of the occupation and the advances for food for the Ruhr miners made under the Spa agreement. He adds that if the total cost of the armies of occupation had been paid it would have absorbed 56 per cent of the more than seven billion gold marks paid. Since only 65 per cent of this total was paid out of current production (the remaining 35 per cent being paid from cessions of state property effected without use of the occupying armies) it follows that the expenses of the armies and commissions maintained by the Allies in Germany have absorbed more than 86 per cent of the heavy payments exacted from Germany!

Germany's Offers

So many loose statements have been made about "German failure to make proposals to the Allies" that we give the following summary of such proposals:

1. May 29, 1919. Note of the German Peace Delegation at Versailles offered 20 billion gold marks by May 1, 1926, and 80 billion in non-interest-bearing annual payments.
2. July 12, 1920. General proposal for final settlement presented at Spa. (Included repetition of offer of German labor for reconstruction of the devastated districts.)
3. March 1, 1921. Dr. Simons's proposal of payment of a total capital value of 50 billion gold marks, with interest at 5 per cent.
4. April 24, 1921. German note to the American Government proposing same total, to be amortized in accordance with an index figure of German prosperity.
5. January 28, 1922. Plans for fiscal reforms and payments, submitted to Reparation Commission.
6. May 28, 1922. Further proposals submitted to Reparation Commission.
7. November, 1922. Further proposals submitted to Reparation Commission during its visit to Berlin.
8. January, 1923. Proposals by Karl Bergmann, not officially submitted because Poincaré granted him no audience.
9. May 2, 1923. Cuno proposals.

[1] 1,007,283 thousand gold marks still unpaid.
[2] 60,159 thousand gold marks still unpaid.
[3] 155,635 thousand gold marks still unpaid.

An article on Henry Ford, by Oswald Garrison Villard, will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Nation.

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